THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1870.

The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1870.—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 10.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

AGENTS WANTED.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

FINANCIAL.

$2,000 TO LOAN ON CHICAGO CITY PROPERTY.

$40,000 TO LOAN, IN SUMS TO SUIT.

$50,000 TO LOAN ON CITY REAL ESTATE.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

BOARD WANTED.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOREIGN.

Threatening Situation of Affairs in Europe.

Military and Naval Preparations in France.

Prussia's Reply to the French Note Unsatisfactory.

Austria to Have an Army of Observation on the Prussian Frontier.

FRANCE.

LONDON, July 9.—Paris is considerably excited to-day by rumors that Prussia is arming all the Baltic ports.

SPAIN.

EGYPT.

WEST INDIES.

PRUSSIA.

AUSTRIA.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ITALY.

PORTUGAL.

THE WEST.

WASHINGTON.

Work in the House on the Tax and Tariff Bill.

The Senate Rate of Income Tax Agreed to.

The Port of Entry and Steel Sections Sustained.

Sections Non-Concurred in Sent to a Conference Committee.

Passage of the Army Appropriation Bill in the Senate.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE TAX BILL.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The House spent nearly the whole day on the Tax bill.

LEGISLATIVE APPROPRIATION BILL.

THE ARMY BILL.

NOMINATIONS.

THE NEW YORK APPOINTMENTS.

TREASURY STATEMENT.

THE TAX BILL.

INDIAN NEWS.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WHO STOLE THAT MONEY!

The Robbery in the National Treasury—The Mysterious Disappearance of $20,000 from the Issue-Room—A Party of Five Visitors Suspected—A Muddle in Earnest.

From the New York World, July 8.

The mystery attending the robbery of the $20,000 in $10 notes from the issue-room in the Treasury Building at Washington, on the 11th of June, appears to thicken as the investigation proceeds.

The Highest Flight Ever Made by Man.

The most remarkable balloon ascension on record was made in 1804, by Biot and Gay-Lussac, in Paris.

General Lee's Hair.

Mishaps of a Judge.

DRY GOODS.

DRY GOODS!

GREAT REDUCTION SALE.

GOODKIND & MANNHEIMER,

139 LAKE-ST.,

Offer this week, immense reductions in

Black Silks,
Colored Silks,
Japanese Silks,
Poplins,
Alpacas, &c., &c.,

Also, the balance of their entire Stock of DRESS GOODS positively at PRIME COST, to close out, including Rich Lace Goods, Embroideries, and Hosiery.

All our Shawls, Lace Points, Silk Mantles, &c., we offer at less than half their value.

Extra inducements in LINEN and HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, which we will RETAIL at less than WHOLESALE PRICES.

Our best Paris Kids, 75 cts.

GOODKIND & MANNHEIMER, 139 LAKE-ST.

LADIES' GOODS.

SPECIAL SALE

AT

68 Lake-st.

M. S. HECKLE & CO.,

TO CLOSE OUT STOCK,

ONE LOT

THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS,

$1.25 Pair.

$2.00 Kid Gloves

Selling for $1.00.

The Entire Stock at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

M. S. HECKLE & CO.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.

REV. W. CORBY, S. S. C., Pres't.

Young Ladies' Athenæum.

MISS LATIMER'S Select School for Young Ladies, WILL REOPEN SEPTEMBER 12,

At 131 North Dearborn-st., Corner of Erie-st.

MISS HINSDALE and MRS. CHARLES KEITH

REFRIGERATORS.

MACLEAN & COLLINS, 50 State-st.

Have received a new arrival of the VOGT'S PATENT

REFRIGERATORS,

COOKING STOVES AT REDUCED PRICES.

ICE BOXES AND REFRIGERATORS

ARE SELLING AT COST AT

BANGS BROS.'

STOVE AND RANGE DEPOT,

156 STATE-ST.

COAL.

"COAL."

We have removed our Yard from corner of Fifteenth and Clark-sts. to 300 Lumber-st., 200 ft. south of Eighteenth-st. Bridge, west side of River,

ROBERT LAW.

AN AWFUL CALAMITY

TURNER & McLEOD.

HAIR GOODS.

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

AT

VICTORIA SWITCH CO.,

74 & 76 LAKE-ST.,

(UP STAIRS.)

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

Copartnership Notice.

JOHN LALLY & CO.

HOTEL.

NEVADA HOTEL,

Southwest Cor. Washington & Franklin-sts.

CARRIAGES.

Having Received

SIGNS.

METALLIC SIGNS,

SAFES.

FOR SALE.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.

A. L. HALE & BRO.,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS,

10, 12, 14 & 16 Canal-st.

We have on hand the largest stock in the West. Our prices are the lowest. We manufacture to order the richest work. We will get up original designs for all kinds of Furniture, in any kind of wood.

To the Trade, we are now prepared to offer goods at unusually LOW PRICES. Call and see our stock, and get our prices.

A. L. HALE & BRO.,

10, 12, 14 & 16 Canal-st.

GILBERT & SAMPSON.

FURNITURE.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Largest and Choicest Assortment of First-Class Furniture in the West.

GILBERT & SAMPSON,

Furniture Manufacturers and Dealers,

113 and 115 State-st.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Wm. W. Strong,

203 Randolph-st.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICES.

FIELD, LEITER & CO.

Have again marked down their stocks of Summer Dress Goods, and will sell on Monday July 11, Handsome Muslin Grenadines at 40c and upward; Striped Lenos at 12½c; Figured Bareges 20c and upward; 4-4 Buff Dress Linens, 25c; Best Qualities Japanese Silks, 75c to $1.25, and a large line of Fresh China and Black Silk Parasols, at a great Sacrifice.

State & Washington-sts.

JEWELRY.

JEWELRY.

We will open To-morrow (MONDAY),

NEW SILVER WARE,

Ladies' American Watches,

EAR RINGS,

The most elegant of the season,

And an Immense Stock of the Finest

Silver Plated Ware.

N. MATSON & CO.,

117 LAKE-ST.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER,

DENTIST,

181 & 183 West Madison-st,

Northeast corner Halsted.

VITALIZED AIR

GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH.

NO PAIN. NO DANGER.

Extracting Teeth, each	50c
Artificial Teeth, very best	$20 to $25
Cheaper Sets	$10 to $15
Solid Gold Fillings	$2 to $4
Silver Fillings	$1 to $3

TEETH EXTRACTED AND NEW ONES IMMEDIATELY REPLACED.

BLANK BOOKS.

BLANK

CAMERON & AMBERG,

STATIONERS,

111 Madison-st.

BOOKS.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

CELEBRATED

SELF-VENTILATING

REFRIGERATORS,

ICE BOXES,

Ice Cream Freezers,

CARPET SWEEPERS, WATER COOLERS, MEAT SAFES, FLUTING MACHINES, GAS STOVES, KEROSENE STOVES, FLY TRAPS, HAMMOCKS,

DALTON & CO.'S, 71 Lake-st.

HOUSEKEEPERS, ATTENTION!

Reid's Star Stove Cover and Damper.

MILLINERY.

MRS. E. GILBERT,

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

LIPMAN'S

MONEY LOAN OFFICE,

136 S. Clark-st., cor. Madison.,

MONEY TO LOAN

On all Articles of Value.

FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES;

Ladies' Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $20 to $30.

Ladies' Gold Chains, $15 to $25.

Gents' Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $30 to $100.

Gents' Silver Hunting Lever Watches, $7 to $25.

Gents' Metal American Watches, $7 to $10.

Gents' Solid Gold Chains, $8 to $30.

Diamond Pins and Rings, $25 to $200.

Diamond Sets, $500 to $800.

Gold Jewelry of all kinds.

Violins, Guitars, Pianos, Organs, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold remarkably low, FOR CASH ONLY, to pay advances and charges.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Robert Fergus' Sons

Established PRINTERS 1840.

Office, 14 CLARK ST.

Printing House, 244 to 248 Illinois Street.

BANKING.

HIBERNIAN BANKING ASSOCIATION

SAVINGS BANK.

Sixth Semi-Annual

SAVINGS DIVIDEND.

J. Y. CLARK, President.

HAMILTON B. DOX, Cashier.

FOR FOREIGN EXCHANGE

APPLY TO

HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO.,

BANKERS,

Corner Lake and LaSalle-sts.

Letters of Credit for Travellers issued available throughout the World.

Commercial Credits opened to Importers on reasonable terms.

UNION INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Savings Bank,

133 DEARBORN-ST., northeast corner Madison-st.

S. W. RAWSON, President.

J. H. PEARSON, Vice President.

W. B. HOSWELL, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

W. K. McALLISTER, JAMES LONGLEY, JAMES WARD, S. W. RAWSON, E. F. PULSIFER, JOHN BUEHLER, J. H. PEARSON.

WANTED.

SALESMAN WANTED.

Apply to the Excelsior Fire Extinguisher Co.,

92 WASHINGTON-ST.

NOTICE.

"TRAVELLER," Tribune Office.

TO AMERICANS GOING TO EUROPE.

SITUATION WANTED.

LUMBERMEN.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS

On Chicago Real Estate made for a term of years, in sums to suit. Can close several small loans immediately.

J. H STEAD & CO.,

49 LaSalle-st.

MONEY TO LOAN.

BALDWIN, WALKER & CO.,

$1,500 TO LOAN

For three years on city property.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MASONIC NOTICES.

Masonic.

Masonic.

FLOUR.

BEST QUALITIES

FAMILY FLOUR,

AT RETAIL.

J. D. COLE, Jr., Proprietor.

PATENTS.

GAS LIGHT,

INK.

SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BROADWAY MARKET.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE,

5 ACRE BLOCKS.

SPLENDID GROUND,

HIGH AND DRY,

Half a mile front on Vincenns road, contiguous to railroad, and only 25 minutes' ride from the centre of the city.

TERMS—1-7 down, 1-7 every year for 7 years.

W. O. COLE,

106 CLARK-ST.

NORWOOD PARK.

SHELDON & CO., 40 Washington-st.

FOR SALE,

By HUBBARD & JACKSON,

121 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE,

BARGAIN.

GEO. F. KEBB, 133 Clark-st.

RIVERSIDE.

RIVERSIDE

Time Table.

Parties visiting this elegant and popular suburb can leave Central Depot at 7, 7:30, and 10:45 a. m., 1:30, 4:15, 5, 5:30, 6:15 and 11:30 p. m. Returning, leave Riverside at 6:10, 7:33, 8:15, 8:33, and 9:30 a. m., and 2, 3:37, 4:45, 6:45, and 7:45 p. m.

Business men will find it less inconvenient to leave the city on the 4:15 afternoon train, returning on the train leaving Riverside at 7:45 in the evening, than at any other hour.

Dinner and Supper can be obtained at the Refectory.

All trains out stop at State-st.

Excursion Tickets, 50 cts.,

Obtained only at the Ticket Office in the Depot.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ROCKWOOD & BLOCKI,

IMPORTERS

AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

192 Lake, and 20 Wells-sts,

DEALERS IN

Retorts, Receivers, Chemical Flasks, Woulfe Bottles, Glass Tubing, Hydrometers, Saccharometers, Thermometers, Evaporating Dishes, and all kinds of Chemical, Glass, and Porcelain Ware.

TO RENT.

TRIBUNE BUILDING STORES.

Stores on Madison and Dearborn-sts., Tribune Fire-Proof Building; Stores on Washington-st.; a few very desirable offices in the Tribune Building, to Rent. Inquire of

WM. C. DOW,

110 LaSalle-st.

DOCK TO RENT.

B. & O. RAILROAD.

ONLY

$18

TO NEW YORK,

Via Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

Tourists' Tickets via Cincinnati, to same points, at the reduced rates.

B. & O. R. R., 94 LaSalle-st.

JAMES WALSH, General Agent.

GENERAL NOTICES.

DON'T READ THIS!

Mr. R. B. MITCHELL: I am using your COMBINATION COOKING STOVE, and find it does all you represent.

MRS. DANIEL E. BALDWIN,

West Cornwall, Conn.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

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DIVORCES.

NEWELL PRATT,

161 Dearborn-st., Room 22.

MERCHANTS' DINNER.

21 WASHINGTON-ST.

NOTICE.

SUMMER RESORTS.

SAVIN ROCK HOUSE,

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

Versailles Mineral Springs.

AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Peremptory Auction Sale

ON THE GROUNDS.

FREE RIDE. CAN SEE WHAT YOU ARE BUYING. 200 NICE BUILDING LOTS, near City Limits, two blocks from Boulevard, on Wis. Div. N. W. R. R., only 15 minutes ride from business centre, accessible by steam cars, street cars, and omnibus line. High, dry, and beautiful ground, covered with trees. Streets all graded. AT AUCTION, TO-MORROW (MONDAY) at 2 p. m. NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY. EASY TERMS: Only $20 down; $50 in ten days, balance in 6, 12, and 18 months, interest at 8 per cent. TITLE PERFECT.

Train leaves Depot, corner Canal and Kinzie-sts. at 2 o'clock p. m., precisely. Get free tickets to go and return of

FRISBIE & STOREY, 124 Washington-st., Room 25, or STOREY & ALLEN, 100 Madison-st., Room 5.

Offices open until 1 o'clock Monday.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.

Monday, July 11, and during the Week.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

At Lake Park, foot of Randolph-st.



LARGEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD!

FULL MUSICAL BRIGADE!

All the Best Riders of the Age!

The Great Military Orchestra.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

ZOE and LILA DeLAVE,

SIGNOR DeCASTRO.

SLEEPING IN THE AIR.

HARLEQUIN RIDE A COCK HORSE.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

WIZARD OF THE WAVE,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

HAAS' PARK.

St. George's 9th Annual Picnic,

GRANDE-DU-CORPS CONCERT.

DAILY EXCURSIONS.

BLUE LINE.

REFRIGERATOR CARS,

FOR

Butter, Eggs, and Other Property,

ARE SENT EVERY DAY FROM

Michigan Central Depot, foot of South Water-st.,

VIA

BLUE LINE EXPRESS TRAINS

TO

New York and Boston.

THOS. HOOPS, General Freight Agent, M. C. R. R.

PROPOSALS.

HORSES WANTED.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

BROWN, KETCHUM & CO,

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

PROFESSIONAL.

Valuable Uses of Magnetism,

JUSTIN HAYES, M. D.

SPECIALTY,

159 Wabash-av.

BOARDING.

A HOME.

FOR SALE.

WINDOW SCREENS.

BITTERS.

AUCTION SALES.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS,

Nos. 5, 7, 9, & 11 Randolph-st., Chicago.

REGULAR SALES OF

Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., EVERY TUESDAY.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, &c., EVERY THURSDAY.

Household Goods, New Furniture, &c., EVERY SATURDAY.

SPECIAL SALES OF Real Estate, Works of Art, and Other Sales.

100 BUILDING LOTS,

FRONTING ON

Milwaukee-av.,
Fullerton-av.,
Follansbee-st.,
And the Boulevard,

AT AUCTION,

BY WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

On MONDAY, July 11, 1870,

SALE PEREMPTORY, FOR CASH.

TITLE PERFECT.

Full Warrantee Deeds Given.

DO NOT FORGET THE TERMS.

Every Lot to be Sold, Regardless of Price,

FOR CASH.

Every Lot will be Sold for CASH.

$30 down, Balance as soon as the papers are drawn.

AT AUCTION,

ELEGANT GREENHOUSE PLANTS,

AT AUCTION,

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

On TUESDAY AFTERNOON, July 12,

By EDW F. THOMAS & CO.

AUCTION SALE

By G. P. GORE & CO.,

22, 24 and 26 Randolph-st.

75 doz. White Shirts, 50 doz. Fancy Shirts, 35 doz. Sailor Shirts, 100 doz. Hickory Shirts, 300 pair Kersey Pants, 25 doz. Overalls, 10 doz. White Shirts and Drawers;

Also, a fine assortment of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, and 500 Hair Switches and Braids.

A Large Assortment of Men's, Boys', Youth's, Women's, Misses', and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Slippers,

AT AUCTION,

Regular Saturday's Sale

OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND

FURNITURE

SATURDAY, July 16, at 9½ a. m.

G. P. GORE & CO., 22, 24 and 26 Randolph-st.

By J. B. CHAMBERS.

HORSES, EIGHT CARRIAGES,

By GRUBB & MEYER.

By W. B. LANGLEY.

AUCTION.

200 NICE BUILDING LOTS.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

INMAN LINE

MAIL STEAMERS.

New York, Queenstown, Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow.

ANCHOR LINE.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

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LINE OF STEAMERS

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The Chicago Tribune.

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(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

Daily Edition, per year, by mail.........$12.00
Tri-Weekly Edition, per year, by mail.........6.00
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THE TRIBUNE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1870.

THE WAR CRISIS IN EUROPE.

If any in France or Europe have been disposed to feel that advancing age, declining health, or the timidity of conservatism, has weakened the hand that for twenty years has swayed the destinies of Europe, the events of the past few days must have undeceived them. Only four days ago the candidacy of Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, for the Spanish throne was announced to France. Within twelve hours the Prussian Minister was on his way to meet King William at Ems with the ultimatum of France, that no German Prince could ascend the throne of Charles the Fifth, and the French Minister of War had made the [illegible] announcement to the *Corps Legislatif*. In all instant the French Minister at the Court of Russia was apprised of the attitude of his government, and almost immediately sympathetic responses are said to have been received from Russia, and a treaty had been made between Austria and France. And now, before any answer has been returned from Prussia, Napoleon has invited his Ministers of War, Navy, and Justice, to a council of war, two *corps d'armée* are made ready for immediate movement, another is recalled from Algeria, Marshals Bazaine and MacMahon are assigned to their commands and Generals Le Brun and Le Boeuf, and Count Palikao are announced as assigned to important commands. The seaports are bristling with energy. Verily, this is not so much a revival of the spirit of Magenta and Solferino, as of that of Jena, Wagram, and Austerlitz. The issue in which Napoleon III. has thus peremptorily thrown down the gage of battle is one in which he will have the unanimous support of the French nation. On the part of France, it is a war of the people, for it is a question whether they shall have Prussia on both sides of them. Against this all Frenchmen will fight to the death. Advices indicate that Russia, Austria, and probably even Italy, will be against Prussia. Austria, at all events, can be counted on for heavy vengeful blows in return for the humiliations of the Sadowa campaign. England will be inert. Prussia must go forward without an ally. The German people can feel no serious interest in placing a forgotten princeling on the throne of Spain. It is a dangerous honor, more likely to cost them their blood than to strengthen or profit them in any way. It is for them a war of the palace, not of the people. They cannot even count upon effective aid from Spain. No fee unbiased vote can now be taken in the Cortes. Any vote will be determined solely by the Spanish feeling of fear, on the one hand, or defiance, on the other, toward France. The Cortes has not yet voted for Leopold, and, perhaps, could not be brought to. That Prussia will go to war with France for a mere project unaccomplished, and of merely family interest, a dynastic game, seems hardly probable. And yet, to retreat at this point will be humiliating, and it is not clear that Bismark will retreat. He has not won his reputation, heretofore, in that way. In the personal constitution of the two antagonists who hold the peace of Europe in their hands, there is little to choose. Rumors in France are that Prussia is actively arming at all the Baltic ports. If Bismark means war, his policy would be delay, perhaps the adoption of Napoleon's project of a European conference. A war between Prussia and France would be much the fiercest that could be fought in Europe. Its issue, under ordinary circumstances, would turn more on rapidity of movement and generalship than on any positive superiority of national strength. Yet, in a contest on this issue, France would be so much the stronger that it would be rashness indeed in Bismark to take up the gauntlet which Napoleon has thrown down. Prussia will seek delay, but must retire.

FURTHER LAW REFORMS.

Illinois has established the basis of a wide reputation among her sister States, and also among publicists of other countries, as the author of the most elaborate and careful republican constitution yet framed. It is not yet time, however, for her to rest upon her laurels. The new constitution permits some reforms which it does not consummate, but leaves in the hands of the Legislature. One of these is the enactment of a civil and criminal code, both of law and procedure, thoroughly adapted to the spirit and wants of our time. We have already touched upon the cumbrous and antiquated system of practice which we inherit from England, and which England herself is now abolishing. The only argument in favor of maintaining this antiquated system of practice now in Illinois, is that it operates to the partial exclusion of lawyers from other States from practising in our courts, which favors mediocrity at our bar and bench, and is, therefore, an argument which mediocrity only will advance.

But apart from the inconveniences of our modes of practice, our system of criminal, civil, and what may be called social law needs the introduction of many new planks. We see in New York city, and are liable at any time to see in Chicago, the great abuses which may be practised by Judges of courts in the exercise of their equity powers, owing to the inadequate safeguards, and, indeed, the almost complete absence of all law or rule to govern these applications.

We are aware of the importance of being able to appeal to a Judge to restrain and prevent by injunction many acts which, if permitted, might even lead to bloodshed. There must be a strong arm of the law, and it is barely possible that, when the law requires the Judge to take an adequate bond from parties applying for these forms of special relief, and then leaves the people to select such a Judge as they think proper, and leaves the Judge to his reputation, conscience, and his liability to impeachment, the law has done all it safely can. One thing is certain, that in New York this little "all" has wholly failed, and if in Chicago the same heavy interests were at stake as in New York, how long would the integrity of Chicago courts and [illegible] conventions withstand the [illegible] In New York the evil would be [illegible] if, simultaneously with the power of the Judge to grant an instant of injunction, or what not, there were a power of the enjoined to bring an instant appeal to the highest court of the State, and have it instantly heard [illegible] the injunction itself in the [illegible] [illegible]

obligation of the wife to obey her husband was less questioned then than the obligation of children to obey their parents is now. Within fifteen years we have heard conservative lawyers rebuked by progressive Judges for reading, as authorities still potential in defining our law, the decisions of English Judges, to the effect that husbands might inflict upon their wives whatever moderate chastisement was necessary to secure their obedience. Now, on the contrary, blows or abusive words justify a divorce, and, indeed, the right of separation at one's choice, is, in effect, part of the marriage contract, and should be declared so by law. The causes assigned for divorce, such as cruel treatment, intemperance, desertion, failure to support, &c., are all in their nature masculine offences and presuppose that man alone is the author of suffering in the marriage relation. A wife may be so indolent and vicious as to neutralize every effort of her husband to maintain a comfortable home; her jealousy may amount to a fierce insanity, which ostracises him from society, and makes his house a bear garden or private asylum; her uncontrollable ignorance and wilfulness may consign his children, one after another, to the grave; she may filch his money or papers from his pocket book while he sleeps, and, if he uses force to recover them, may plead cruel treatment; she may go to his debtors and by fraud collect and appropriate his debts; she may prefer associations which are low and unfavorable to her own reputation, and take such measures as will exclude reputable society from her home; she may keep half steeped in coarse beer without ever being positively drunk; she may bring up her children, like Mrs. Jellyby, to be gutter-rats, ignorant and depraved, but there will be nothing in all this which will warrant a divorce, unless her husband turns "brute" and puts himself in the wrong. The proper cause, under these circumstances, seems to be, to provide either for two relations, or for one, in which the right to terminate the relation shall be equally favorable to both parties. If two relations are provided for, the first, for convenience, might be called Christian marriage, a sacrament indissoluble, save for adultery, and rescued from infamous by recognizing, at the start, the absolute headship of one or the other party. The other might be styled free marriage, but should be terminable without the public disgrace of charges and counter-charges, and all the vile and prurient details of the Police Court. Courts might even, on the mutual application of both parties, change the relation of Christian marriage to one of free marriage, so that parties thereafter might sever the relation at pleasure. There would be, however, a certain desirableness in retaining the possibility of Christian marriage for such as desired it, in order that they might regulate their associations accordingly. Parties united under free marriage would naturally prefer to associate more largely with each other than with those still retaining Christian marriage. However rapidly society may drift toward the consummation predicted by M. Fourier fifty years ago, it is probable that, for some years to come, there will be a delicacy on the part of persons permanently united in introducing their wives to those who would have no special scruple against marrying them out of hand. The world moves slowly, and whatever changes are required should be made no more rapidly than the world's movement demands.

REGULATING THE EVIL.

The British Parliament and the Common Council of St. Louis have engaged in the work of regulating the social evil, and the statesmen who adorn both legislative bodies, by that intuitive judgment which leads great minds to a common result, have agreed upon substantially the same means. In Great Britain the operation of the law is confined to towns in which troops are stationed. There it is made obligatory upon every woman in that evil vocation to be registered, and, from time to time, to obtain a medical certificate of freedom from contagious disease. When found thus afflicted, she is to be placed in hospital until cured. It is now proposed to extend this law and make it applicable to all parts of the kingdom.

The Common Council of St. Louis have enacted that the Police Commissioners shall report to the Board of Health the location of all houses where the evil exists, and the names of all the inmates. The Board of Health is to divide the city into districts, assigning to each a visiting physician, who shall require all diseased persons to go to hospital until cured; all houses refusing to conform to the regulations, to be suppressed. The Board of Health, in addition to these sanitary measures, shall offer facilities and inducements to the women to abandon their immoral practices.

The proposition to extend the British act to all towns and cities, has provoked intense feeling in England, particularly among the religious people. Parliament recently considered the subject for several days in secret session, and the newspapers and magazines contain elaborate discussions for and against the measure, and in these arguments women are taking part freely. The medical profession are divided on the question. But in St. Louis the whole community seem to acquiesce in the measure.

St. Louis is an ambitious city. She recently annexed various suburban villages, that her population might compare with that of Chicago. Last year she engaged largely in the grain trade, the lumber trade, the tobacco trade, and in various other trades, hoping to draw business to her merchants, and reduce the over-swelling statistics of Chicago. In all these she failed. Her Board of Trade finally abandoned the contest. The Common Council have now renewed it. They hope to fill their hotels, and draw strangers to the city, and bring confusion upon Chicago, by announcing to the country this important sanitary regulation. This licensing policy prevails throughout continental Europe, and public sentiment there seems long since to have been educated to believe that the evil is ineradicable, and that it is the duty of society to mitigate its consequences so far as possible. The people of England, and of the United States, have not yet reached the conclusion that prostitution is necessary, and this it must, therefore, be treated like the cholera or the small-pox. In England the sanitary legislation was assailed first by those who insist that contagious disease is a Divinely appointed punishment for the sin; and that any interposition by the State to prevent this natural punishment, is an interference with Divine justice. It is also resisted on the ground that it is a discrimination against the unfortunate women, and an unjust license to the no less guilty men, who are as much responsible for the prevalence of the disease as the women. It is further opposed because it is a legal recognition of crime, and by removing the danger of disease, encourages men to acts from which fear would otherwise deter them.

The weight of testimony on the part of the medical profession in Great Britain seems to be against the "Contagious Diseases Act." Of the five medical journals in London only one favors the system. It is argued that these regulations, instead of checking disease, diffuse it over a wider area, by promising immunity, and drawing into its vortex a larger number of victims, and that the disease prevail most extensively in those cities where the most strict [illegible] regulations prevail. This is not to be wondered at. If nature has affixed a peculiar penalty to lewdness, it is to be presumed that she has done it effectually, and that she is not to be cheated out of it by acts of Parliament.

The error of all such legislation consists in assuming that the social evil is a necessary evil. It is a sin, [illegible] But the fact that it is a sin is attested and proved by the very existence of the disease, which stigmatizes it. [illegible] [illegible]

unfaithful to any views he believes to be true. Indeed, it is his fidelity to truth, as he understands it, that causes him to be classed as an infidel. It is well for the German Christians of Missouri to pray for their Senator, and he will at least be touched by this manifestation of their interest in him. But the ground given by one paper in St. Louis will, we fear, tend to confirm Mr. Schurz in his present views, rather than to convert him. It says:

"A few years ago, in the city of Boston, a small band of Christians met in the lower Park Street Church, and there prayed that Theodore Parker might either be converted to Christ or that God would use such means as might best accord with His will to prevent him from further poisoning the minds of the young men of our land. Doubtless many an unbeliever laughed at this simple-hearted faith in God, but, before the year closed, Theodore Parker was summoned to appear before the Judgment Seat of that Jesus whose name he had done all in his power to traduce and blaspheme."

Whatever Mr. Schurz's views may be, he probably has no respect for prayer, when used as a mode of hastening death. The impending decease of Theodore Parker, from consumption, was generally anticipated, for three or four years before he died, and, if any Christians had the impiety to meet and pray for his conversion or his death, at so late a period as within one year preceding that event, they evinced but little of the spirit of Him whom they intended to serve.

THE CHINESE AS FIELD LABORERS.

A few days ago, the steamer Great Republic arrived in New Orleans from St. Louis with 148 Chinese laborers, who came under a contract to work on a sugar plantation a short distance above that city. They were immediately transferred to the plantation, and subsequent accounts state that they have all gone to work, cultivating the cane. They had all lived in California for a longer or shorter period, and, finding employment there scarce, made contracts, each for himself, to labor for the planter for three years, for certain stipulated wages and board. They are described as stout, robust, temperate men, of as much muscular strength as the average of Americans, and as exhibiting remarkable aptitude for the new employment in which they have engaged; they come under the charge of Mr. F. W. Gardner, who has returned to California for several hundred more Chinese, whose services the sugar planters near New Orleans are anxious to obtain.

The arrival of these laborers seems to have produced no commotion in New Orleans. All the papers speak warmly in their favor; the Louisiana planters are unanimous in their resolution to obtain a large supply of Chinese for field hands on their sugar and cotton plantations. The same feeling is spreading rapidly all over the cotton and sugar regions of the South. The blacks may dislike it, but how can they prevent it? The demand for labor for planting purposes, is far beyond their ability to supply. Multitudes of Chinamen will find their way to the South and be scattered among the planters, and some of them will locate in the cities and be employed as domestics. If the Southern farmers turn their services to profitable account, how long will it be before our Western farmers begin to employ these people to help them grow corn, wheat, and cattle? Can the journeymen's labor unions prevent the Western farmers and Southern planters from hiring Chinamen to work for them? The agricultural classes in the United States embrace three-fifths of the total population; and, when they find they can use the labor of the Chinese to advantage, they will insist on the right to employ them, and laugh to scorn all attempts to prevent it. The farmers and planters comprise twenty-four of the forty millions of inhabitants in the Union, while the wages class of people who belong to labor combinations do not number, all told, including their sympathizers, one-sixth as many. Can this minority cause laws to be passed forbidding the agricultural majority to employ the services of the Celestials? Evidently they cannot.

We observe that the Crispin Society, of Massachusetts, have modified their demands in respect to Chinese immigration, and that they confine their [illegible] simply to this class of immigrants who come under servile contracts. This is a healthy indication, and, if the labor-unions of the country are equally judicious, a great deal of difficulty will be avoided.

The Crawford County nominating system, invented by Crawford and other counties in Pennsylvania, some years ago, consisted in holding a primary election, by ballot, for candidates throughout the county, and voting for the candidates receiving the highest ballot. It was designed to check the corruption of party conventions. After a dozen years of faithful trial, during which it has often been held up to the rest of mankind for imitation, Crawford County itself has at last abandoned it, on the ground that it led to the selection of a worse class of candidates, and has produced more corruption than the party conventions. If these things were done amid the green trees of the rural districts of Pennsylvania, what would be done in the dry deserts of our large cities?

The news of war in Europe had quite an appreciable effect on our wheat market late on Saturday. The speculators anticipate a largely increased demand for American breadstuffs, not only on account of the extra consumption which a war would cause, but also because of the interruption of the supply from Northern to Western Europe. There is no doubt that this would be an inevitable result of a war on such a gigantic scale as is indicated in our despatches; but the chances of such a war are very slight.

PERSONAL.

Fisk threatens to start a newspaper.

—It is a son of Douglas Jerrold, and not a nephew, who is a wood-engraver in New Orleans.

—Edmond About is about to make a tour of Asia in the interest of science.

—Vanderbilt says he is weary of business struggles, but cannot afford to take rest.

—Charles Reade has given up his projected tour of America for the present.

—Kong Chee & Co., of San Francisco, have backrupted.

—An enterprising phrenologist once wrote a polite note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Mr. Dickens replied: "Dear Sir: At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

—General R. E. Lee is sojourning with the family of Samuel H. Tagart, in Baltimore, in the hope of recuperating from the somewhat exhausting labors of his present sedentary pursuits. He is under the medical treatment of Dr. Thos. [illegible]

—At Baltimore, July 4, Policeman Murphy arrested one of three brother-rowdies for insulting a lady. The brothers assailed the officer with clubs to rescue the prisoner, but the officer shot one of them [illegible] station-house, and in a few minutes died of his wounds.

—It is reported that the only business interview which the Hon. Mr. Morrissey has had with the President since his election to Congress took place on Friday week, when John desired [illegible] to exact duties on horses coming from Canada to run the races at Saratoga and Long Branch.

—Letters testamentary on the estate of the late Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte have been granted in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore to Charles Joseph Bonaparte. The estate, amounting to about $170,000 of personal, and $20,000 of real property, is devised to the widow and two sons of the deceased. Both sons are named executors but the elder, J. N. Bonaparte, has renounced in favor of his brother.

—On Saturday week the Russian Minister De Catacazy visited Colt's Armory at Hartford, Conn. While there the Minister visited the widow of Sam. Colt [illegible]

[illegible]

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Sports Run into the Extreme.

Spriggins, And What Ailed Him.

Base Ball.

Whither are We Drifting?

Amusements, At Home and Abroad.

CHICAGO, July 8.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

I was passing along Dearborn street, this morning, meditating, as is my wont, when young Spriggins very abruptly stopped me and broke in upon my meditations. Spriggins wore a very depressed look. Spriggins also wore a weed on his hat. Spriggins looked as if he had a heavy weight on his mind, and Spriggins' mind is not one of that kind as will calculated to bear heavy weights as a hay scale would be.

"Have you heard it?" said he.

"It! What?" said I, and I prepared to bestow upon Spriggins that formal amount of sympathy which it is customary to bestow upon unfortunate people whose relatives have been fortunate enough to die and leave this vale of tears.

It was evidently something more afflicting than the death of an uncle; more harrowing than the demise of an aunt; more agonizing even than the decease of a cousin, that was rankling in the breast of Spriggins, for he exclaimed again:

"Have you not heard it?"

"What?" I somewhat impatiently replied.

"The White Stockings have been beaten by the Atlantics," said he.

"You don't tell me," said I. "That must be very bad for the White Stockings, whatever they are."

"Very," said Spriggins. But you should have heard the manner in which Spriggins pronounced that little word "very." It reminded me of nothing so much as that raven with his beak in Mr. Poe's heart, and his legs on Mr. Poe's door, repeating that ominous word "nevermore," to all of Mr. Poe's inquiries relative to her whom the angels named Lenore, although she might have been named, when living in Philadelphia, Susan Ruby or Mary Ann Jones, or any other ordinary name. Spriggins concentrated agony, despair, disgust, sadness more than anger, in that word "very."

I often wonder why the Catholic Church has not established convents for men, where they could retire from this vain world. It would have been a nice thing for Spriggins. Why should the women have all the convents? It the world any more a farce to the average woman than to the average man? [illegible]

[illegible]

And Spriggins turned upon his heel and left, and I once more pursued the even tenor of my way with my meditations running in another channel.

Whither are we drifting?

Spriggins represents nine-tenths of the community, and to-day the question whether the Hohenzollern, whoever he is, will be allowed by France to occupy the Spanish throne, is half so important to the Sprigginses as a pending game of ball between our immigrants, the White Stockings, and their antagonists. [illegible]

It was only last Sunday that happening into the Mission School for the amelioration of the young gamins, who dwell on the classic banks of the Healy Slough, I was witness to the following colloquy between a teacher and a boy [illegible] Captain of the Junior Ragamuffins, which has just challenged the Mutual Scavengers:

Teacher. Well, Tim, can you tell me what is the chief duty of man?

Tim. To play base ball.

Teacher. Can you tell me the name of the best man mentioned in the Scriptures?

Tim. Clipper Flynn.

Teacher. What is the most direct road to future happiness?

Tim. A daisy cutter.

Teacher. How was Elijah translated into the heavens?

Tim. Caught up on a fly.

Teacher. How was Goliath killed?

Tim. He went out on a foul.

Teacher. Is stealing proper under any circumstances?

Tim. Yes, sir, when you steal bases.

[illegible]

But, seriously, whither are we drifting?

[illegible]

Or this in the sporting column:

"The great theological game of base ball between the Baptist Nine and the Universalist Nine [illegible] The Baptists [illegible] it was too hot to play, but the Captain of the Universalists contended that heat was no excuse for delaying the game. [illegible] It is a pity that this manly and Christian game should be endangered by theological differences."

In the mean time, while I pity Spriggins, I cannot but ask:

Whither are we drifting?

Must we as a people forever run upon an extreme? Is there no golden mean in sport and amusement which will give us health and entertainment? Base ball now-a-days is reduced to a technical lingo, a system of cheap gambling, and a necessity of a surgeon in every family. And this is just the high pressure system of all our amusements. Our holidays are reduced to the same senseless extremes. New Year's Day is devoted to fashionable guzzling, Christmas to fashionable drinking, and Fourth of July has become an intolerable nuisance, being simply a day set apart to allow small boys the privilege of burning up sundry dwellings, scaring horses into runaways, and endangering the life and limb of every pedestrian on the streets. When will the millennial time come when we shall be contented to enjoy ourselves in a rational manner?

For the next two or three weeks you need not expect anything regularly from me, as I, during that time, I shall swing round the circle of Chicago, Marquette, Duluth, St. Paul, Clinton, and Chicago again. Should I see anything worthy of note, you may hear from me irregularly. And so, until I get back to the old desk again, *au revoir.*

A few words about amusements. Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels commence a season at McVicker's Theatre this week. The Satsuma Japanese Opera Troupe commence a week's engagement at the Opera House next week. The bill at the Dearborn Theatre, for the week, embraces the trick pantomime by the Lauris, "Harlequin Ride a Cock Horse," and the first appearance of De Castro, the magician and ventriloquist, and his wife, who perform suspension feats. [illegible]

F. L. Keller; Clarisse Falkner, Mr. J. W. Blaisdell; Ferraire, Mr. E. H. Browne; Henry Belfast, Mr. H. A. Wentworth; James Mackey, Mr. F. Kirkpatrick; Hugh Brandon, Mr. J. H. Lacey; Tom Truck, Mr. J. C. Padgett; Caleb Cutbody, Mr. J. D. Germon; Timothy Trench, Mr. W. J. LeMoyne; Ralph Raddle, Mr. C. C. Clements; Weevil, Mr. E. C. White; Willing, Mr. G. W. McKown; Domingo, Mr. F. W. Barnard; Isabinda, Mrs. Thomas Barry; Duna Capella, Miss Ada Myers; Jessey, Mrs. John Dillon; Old Nanny, Miss Adel Crocker.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given at all the matinees, except on Wednesday and Saturday, which will be devoted to "The Wizard Skiff." The New York Circus commences the season on Monday. The procession starts at 10 o'clock from the Richmond House, proceeding through Michigan avenue to Lake street, thence through Wells street, Randolph street, Clark street, Twelfth street, Wabash avenue, [illegible]

[illegible]

Paris, June 18.—Last Wednesday, David appeared for the first time in the role of Bertram [illegible]

[illegible]

FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

A Sphere for Woman not yet Overcrowded.

Summer Toilets.

The Beauty and Duty of Neatness.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

It seems to me there is a great deal of unnecessary talk about woman's peculiar duties, and her ability to fill some other sphere than the one she is in. Long-winded petitions, signed by prominent women, are presented to the public, urging, asking for all kinds of improbable favors based upon possibilities. For instance, that women taken to jail should be searched by women instead of men, on the ground of decency, when it is only natural to suppose that a woman reduced to that position has long ago lost all such tendencies, or, if not, that she is capable of using the womanhood left in protecting herself. It is a demonstrated fact, that no one has so little charity for a fallen woman as a woman who is virtuous, to whom temptation and circumstance have never appealed, and who holds herself aloof from both pity and the proof in actual life, giving of her abundance tears and prayers, but nothing else, and they rather for some imaginary case than the sufferer at her door. A few weeks ago there died in this city a virtuous, but poor and obscure woman, who would have died alone, in the midst of Christian women, but for the charities of one who, making no pretenses to Christianity, and with her own foolish hands full of work, went to the pauper's room, and stood by her bedside until she died. This after she had failed to find one woman in the community who was willing to forego her luxury long enough to close a sister's eyes. True, they went and looked at her as if she were some curious dumb animal, and asked her "what she could eat," when speech and sight were failing her; but stay through the hours of darkness they could not. One lady apologized by saying she never could endure the smell of camphor. Another was easily overcome by the fumes of chloroform. If the doctor of a third knew she was there he would discontinue his visits. A well-known female philanthropist could not leave her baby, but did manage to go to a party the same night, and to the woman died, and was well out of the way. And then a half column of obituary notice appeared in a Sunday morning paper, making that woman out a Christian and a Saint, with abilities and accomplishments that would have adorned the highest station. Yet there were none who came to do her honor, save one! Yes! I think I would write petitions and listened [illegible] to Heaven, and ask for the least glimmer of light whereby I might see my own blindness, and for a little of that Divine principle "that suffereth long and is kind."

Yesterday I saw a boy on the sidewalk of this Christian city, so dirty and ragged as to be scarcely recognizable as a human being, and with that stolid, senseless face, which characterizes neglected and vicious childhood, suddenly he tripped his bare feet, and fell violently on the curbstone. Picking himself up, with a muttered curse, he stood for a second with that dull, phlegmatic countenance undisturbed; then, as the instinct seemed to reach some nearer point of life, he faced knotted up into a convulsive ball and a tear guttered down the dirty cheeks. I thought if that boy had only chanced to be a little heathen from Burmah, what a crowd of benevolent [illegible] him, and how willing [illegible] and what a tender sermon the Rev. George Gushing would have preached from such a text. Yet, here, with a little to send clothes to these naked heathen, and teach them in good English, their very counterparts in underground dens, and we neither see nor heed [illegible]

And if the "Searching Committee" would visit the miserable underground den, where young girls and hardened sinners are herded together, and search their hearts for some lingering feeling to work on, and when their sentence is over give them work and a chance to earn an honest living, remembering that which it is human to err, it is divine to forgive, I think your petitions would really have a work of grace to digest, instead of a bubble of empty air.

And I think there are few of us that need go any further than our own nurseries and kitchens to find work to do of a philanthropic kind. [illegible]

[illegible]

you go on your merry [illegible] be sure that you are ready for it, and no jewel of consistency left off. Plain white skirts are nice enough for any lady; but there are many who would rather have one set of puffs and ruffles than a whole wardrobe of plain linen. I think ladies would do well to think this matter over. They pay twice as much for the elaborate clothing, and expect it to be laundried for about the same price as the plain pieces. They cannot get this done, so they wear it till it is a gray color, and then quarrel with the laundress for her charges. There was a time when frills and furbelows on underclothing were not considered respectable, and there are many ladies yet who wear only the broad white hem in spotless purity. Every style of skirt can be found at the dry good stores, with all the other appendages, excepting the colored Clany lace sets. These are sold only at Hyman & Nathan's, who make up, to special order, these beautiful wardrobes for children and misses.

THE HAIR

is worn in moderate-sized chatelaine braid or puffs. It is not so low on the back of the neck as formerly. Short curls and frizzes are yet worn at the sides. The side-roll, over which the natural hair is drawn back, is very much used by young ladies, and a moderate-sized head of hair can be used without any artificial aid if the centre piece of the back is tastefully dressed. [illegible] and left hanging over the shoulders. Wigs of curls are hardly to be seen in the house; but there are rumors that they are coming; and it is not uncommon for a brunette to wear a blonde wig, and *vice versa.* VIO.

ALL ABOUT A HEIFER CALF.

A New Way of Celebrating the Fourth.

Mr. W. E. Baker, of Ridge Hill Farms, Wellesley, Mass., has a heifer which was born July 4, 1869. He wanted a name for her, and accordingly invited a large number of persons to visit him on the first anniversary of the heifer's birth, and to send by mail, if they could not be present, suggestions in prose or poetry, appropriate to the heifer's name, and to a social gathering. The note of invitation added: "The rights of women, as well as those of the sterner sex, will be respected at this Pasteurian conference, five minutes being allotted to each for oral extemporaries. 'Come one, come all'—untrammelled by city etiquette—prepared to have a good time, rain or shine." About 500 persons were present. The Rev. E. E. Hale offered prayer, after which the host made a humorous speech, in which he bade all his guests to their hearts a good time. The Boston *Advertiser's* report says:

The company made choice of the Rev. E. E. Hale, Franklin W. Smith, and Mr. Austin, of the Sandwich Islands, as a committee to arrange preliminaries for naming the calf, and to distribute the prize gifts and medals, and then separated to examine the various attractions in the grove. The "Retreat for Smokers," a tent of thirty feet long, contained various comical features appropriated by smokers; an automaton figure representing an unfortunate individual overtaken with the colic by reason of imprudent excess in smoking and drinking, created much laughter; as did also the Turk, large as life, dressed in an artist's manikin, leaning on the windowsill smoking a pipe thirty feet long. The "*Lunch* a very *hungry* people" attracted numerous visitors, each party visiting this tent taking especial care to call others to go and get some of the good things. Therein was found a complete collection of fish, chickens, pickles, stewed goose, apples, pancake, boiled eggs, slices of Bologna sausage, etc., but it was, literally, as the ten burning candles on the table indicated, "only a *Sion* repast," inasmuch as all the articles were illusions, though very good imitations. Numerous visitors to this tent were victimized. Some calling for water to wash down their regret at being cheated, found on moving the goblet from the table, where it had been filled in their presence, that the water had mysteriously disappeared from the goblet before it could reach their lips.

Stuffed owls, crows, golden robins, parrots and other birds were placed on the trees, as well as music boxes containing birds and moving figures; and swinging pendant, were various colored and crinkled papers, Chinese and Japanese lanterns, &c. Some two hundred red balloons were tied to the trees, fences, &c., on the border line of the farm. Stuffed deer were placed on the green lawns, and dogs that looked savage, but made no noise, and required no feeding, were lying about the buildings. One Chinese stone idol was placed in the grove against a tree, surrounded by a large number of pairs of shoes, with a card overlying reading:

"John Chinaman, the idol of North Adams, but not idolized by politicians living in large Irish districts."

An iron statue of a negro holding a ten foot pipe to his mouth, the large bowl of which was filled with white flowers and the bloom of a smoke tree, was labelled:

"Color'd voter—Dis is de pipe of peace."

Another figure, of a Fenian, holding a long piece of pipe, near it, read:

"This is a piece of pipe."

At noon came the meeting in the grove of the Committee of the Whole on Taste, after which the ceremony of naming the heifer was in order.

Just at this time the heifer broke her rope and ran away. Messrs. Francis Dane and Chas. A. Greenwell were chosen a committee of two to bring her back. As it was then said that the calf had, a few days previous, run away and could only be caught by the united efforts of ten active farm hands, much anxiety was expressed for the safety of the committee, for fear they could lose both flesh and weight in the arduous chase. Fortunately, she was found in the barn.

The following names were submitted by those present:

Europa, Juliet, Independence, Shoo Fly, Betsey Baker, Yankee Doodle, Fancy, Liberty, Fanny Fern, Julo, Princess, Hale, Belle Helene, Carlotta, Baltimore Belle, Rebecca, [illegible] Zephyr, Gillian, Daisy, Violette, Rosamond, Molly, Dolly, Sally, Sue, Maid of E. H. Farms, Belle of Wellesley, Lady Walton, Lottie, Miss Chamberlain, Getty Meade, Lady Washington, Meg Merrilies, Lady Grant, Lee Lee, Martha Washington, Marquesa, Phoebe, Baker's Calf, Maid of Wellesley.

After several votes the company finally adopted a name. The Rev. Mr. Hale then made a number of poetical offerings, and the number was unanimously proposed for the heifer. The ceremony of naming the calf followed this, Mr. E. P. Potter, placing around the neck of the calf a wreath of flowers presented by Captain C. C. Gibbs, and Miss Maggie Nichols, of Chester Park, Boston, opened a bottle of "ginger pop" over the head of the calf, and pronouncing her name to be the "Belle of Wellesley."

The comic prizes were then awarded—the Rev. E. E. Hale getting a "heifer calf sermon case," and the largest tin medal, which measured two feet in diameter, and other ladies and gentlemen getting a tooth brush; Andrew J. Lord received a "soft brush"—good for a bald head; James Page, a "heavy calfskin;" Mrs. Conant, a basket of "Early Rose potatoes, dug this day;" other visitors got a "box of face rouge," a "pair of white gloves for a heifer calf," "set of teeth, firmly set," "bar of brown soap for cleansing purposes," etc., etc. Each recipient was compelled to make a speech, under pain of forfeiture of the gift or prize.

The exercises were concluded by singing the following poem, written by Mrs. F. W. Smith:

A PASTORAL POEM.

AIR—*Hail Columbia.*

Belle of Wellesley! happy calf;
Hail! these friends, thy brilliant staff
Who've left their calf of gold and brass
And banks of green (though not with grass)
To stand among thy friends this day,
As thick as stars in the Milky Way!

Let milk and butter be thy boast,
Always mindful what they cost,
Then no *Butcher* shalt thou fear
While this *Baker* standeth near!

Thou'rt a poem—bound in calf—
Full of beauties; but a half
Can't be told—though this we know,
Belle, [illegible]
Such are [illegible]
When thy [illegible] come round?

May these promises prove true,
May thy "Shoo," forever "shoo!"
We live, that we no blush may trace
On Abraham's or Jersey face!

[Chorus by the company.]

Chorus—

Firm, united, here we stand
And lend our host a grateful hand,
Wishing, for heifer, host, and wife,
Cheer, deep through all their life!

American Boys in Europe.

From the St. Louis Republican.

An estimate made by a professor of Harvard College gives the number of American boys and young men studying in European schools and universities at between two and three thousand. As they are almost all the sons of wealthy parents, and educated in that spirit of independence which characterizes life in general in this country, their behavior very often gives cause for unpleasant remarks by European educators. A boy who wears out three or four suits of cloth in twelve months, or who is permitted to travel from one place to another during the vacations, is at once accused of extravagance. They are almost all admired for their generosity; but they are criticised for not being sufficiently respectful in the presence of their superiors in age and in [illegible] [illegible] The gallantry and courteous behavior toward ladies is universally praised; but their [illegible] in school and toward their male comrades. As sportsmen and dare-devils they surpass all the boys on the continent, and they seldom find their equals among English boys who follow their studies in continental schools. We have before us a detailed report of athletic sports which were performed publicly in the vicinity of Cannstadt, in Wurtemberg, by a vast number of American and English boys, and which attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The first was a game of cricket, in which two American boys, Foster and Bingham, gained the first and second prizes. Foster threw the four and a half ounce ball seventy-eight yards, a distance which is not often reached in England. Then followed running, high jumps, and long jumps. A lad of Cincinnati jumped over fifteen feet. Davis, a boy from Kentucky, ran a distance of 8,185 feet in seven minutes. [illegible]

[illegible]

sage on the other. Such cards have been in use in Germany for some time. There will be the obvious pecuniary saving of a half penny on the stamp, and the value of the envelope. The trouble of seeking note paper and envelope, folding the paper, sealing the loose stamp, and fastening the adhesive envelope will be avoided. Twenty notes may be despatched on cards during the time now needed for the preparation of ten for the post box. Even the need to sit down at a writing table will be abolished. Carrying a few cards in a pocket-book, one can scribble a line or two wherever he may find pen and ink, or with an indelible pencil write it walking along the street. Doubtless special pencils suitable for the purpose will be forthcoming. Ladies will, perhaps, take to writing their messages in French, German, or Italian; and gentlemen may send theirs in Latin; while, between relatives and friends all sorts of secret symbols will be arranged to cheat inquisitive eyes.

THE CHINAMEN—SOME ERRORS CORRECTED.

The Chinese Companies—Immigrants not Coolies—Chinese Merchants.

Mr. Julius A. Palmer, Jr., sends the following note to the Boston *Advertiser*, correcting a popular misunderstanding as to the position of the great "Chinese Companies" of the Pacific Coast, and describing the system of the emigration from China:

"Having been acquainted with the Chinese in San Francisco for the greater part of the past four years, I may be able to throw a little light upon the beginning of a controversy which is destined to introduce a new political question to the republic. First, as to the social position of the majority of the Chinese emigrants. They are the poor of that great nation; they are not slaves—no, not even coolies. This has been often explained by the intelligent and educated Chinese, and by others of their American friends; but yet it is constantly brought up against them that they are coolie-slaves, 'imported' by cruel task-masters, who receive the greater part of their wages, and that they leave their families in pawn as security for their fidelity. A leading Republican newspaper, whose views of the question are sound, recently fell into the mistake of acknowledging this latter as a lamentable fact. Such allegations have their only foundation in the minds of unscrupulous demagogues appealing to the prejudices of the ignorant and narrow-minded portion of the community. The Chinaman is not like the Yankee, or, indeed, like any of the Circassian race; his love of country, of his domestic ties, and the interest his family ever retain in him, prevent him from thinking himself upon the world, outside the Middle Kingdom, with no guarantee for his support while living, or his return to the shades of his ancestors if death intervene. The American will start for mirror for any new quarter of the globe, if there be no promise of sufficient bait for his acquisitiveness upon his arrival; he never asks how he shall get home again; he does not even pause to inquire what will be his fate if the spell is all divided ere he reaches the golden shore; the world is wide, and, in a certain sense, it is all alike to him. Not so the Chinaman; he wants to know where he is going, how many of his nationality are there, how long he must stay, what will be his wages when there, and what provision will be made for him in case of sickness, death, or desire to return. This has led to the richer class of Chinese, the merchants and capitalists, forming sort of mutual insurance societies for the benefit of the poorer among their countrymen so well, they know how to assist them to come here, and aid them when in a strange land. A very commendable system it would appear to a disinterested mind. But these companies do not do this for nothing, says some one, ironically. No; and do our insurance companies? Do the capitalists who guarantee us against loss by fire or accident, who protect our families from want, and our ships from the consequences of disaster, do they do it all from motives of pure benevolence?

"Mr. Fung Tang, of San Francisco, an intelligent and public-spirited merchant as ever did business—a man whom Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York has been proud to honor, said, in explanation of this system: 'These people are not slaves; they are very poor; without our aid they could not come here; they arrived in debt for their passage-money and we have to provide for them at once; when they get work they pay off the money which we have lent them.' I do not use his exact words, but, as nearly as I can recall them, I have expressed his meaning. However, in an explanation from a letter indicted by the Chinese merchants in San Francisco to Governor Bigler in 1852. After telling how they procured their passage, this letter says:

"These arrangements made at home seldom bring them further than San Francisco, and here the Chinese traders furnish them the means of getting to the mines. A great deal of money is thus lent at a nominal or very low rate of interest, which to the credit of our countrymen we are able to say is almost invariably repaid. The poor Chinaman does not come here as a slave; he comes because of his desire for independence, and he is assisted by the charity of his countrymen, which they bestow on him safely, because he is industrious and honestly pays them.

"A word more about the constantly-repeated term 'coolie.' Perhaps nothing I can say will better explain it than the following extract from the letter already referred to:

"You speak of the Chinese as 'coolies,' and in one sense the word is applicable to a great many of them, but not in that in which you seem to use it. 'Coolie' is not a Chinese word; it has been imported into China from foreign parts, as it has been into this country. What its original signification was we do not know; but with us it means a common laborer, and nothing more. We have never known it used among us in designation of a class such as you have in view—persons bound to labor under contracts which they can be forcibly compelled to comply with. The Irishmen who are engaged in digging down your hills, the men who unload ships, who clean your streets, or even drive your drays, would, if they were in China, be considered 'coolies;' tradesmen, mechanics of every kind, and professional men, would not. None of us are 'coolies,' if by that word you mean bound men or contract slaves. The other matter which you allude to, their leaving their families in pledge as security for the performance of their contracts, is something we hardly dare speak of, it is so monstrous with its character and absurd. Have you ever inquired what the holder of such a pledge could do with them? If he used any force toward them he would be guilty of an offence and be punished by the laws, just as in any other country; and if he treated them well they would only be a burden and an additional expense to him.

"I have copied at length from this admirable letter, which was published in reply to a manifesto against the Chinese, issued by Governor Bigler, because it gives with remarkable clearness the Chinaman's view of those questions one of which so much political capital is already made. The letter was published eighteen years ago, and may be found in the Living Age, volume 34, page 32. Many of its allusions are more applicable to the mining towns of that date, than to the San Francisco of the present day; but it contains much that has an important bearing on the matter which is now brought home to the New England States.

"I can wish your merchants no better fortune than the privilege of dealing some day in person with the mercantile class of China, as I have found them to be in San Francisco. I have done business with them constantly when in that city, have stored their cargoes, have shipped for them wheat and oats, have sold them for shipment many hundred of tons of flour, and I never knew one of them to violate his engagements in any way; such is the universal testimony of every one doing business with them. It is a common saying among their American friends that they would rather have as security the word of a Chinese merchant that the pledge, written, sworn to, and witnessed, of many of Circassian blood. Certainly their unswerving integrity and strict honesty, to say nothing of their moral virtues, may put to blush our boasted civilization, in these days of frequent 'irregularities,' fraudulent and shameless 'failures,' and alarming 'defalcations.'"

FRESH ARRIVALS IN NEW ORLEANS—CHINAMEN IN THE SUGAR FIELDS.

The New Orleans *Republican* of the 3d instant says: "The steamer Great Republic arrived on Thursday from St. Louis. She brought 148 Chinese laborers, who came under a contract to work on a sugar plantation a short distance above the city. This company of laborers came under the charge of Mr. F. W. Gardner, of San Francisco, who is regularly engaged in the enterprise of supplying Chinese labor to any portion of the Southern country for agricultural or other purposes. These men have caught so much of American manners that [illegible] food formed the staple of their [illegible] Seated or squatted in groups of five or six around a species of tables extemporized by placing a piece of board on four tin cans, each man held in his right hand a pannikin filled in some cases, with hashed meat and in some cases with rice, while the two chopsticks were held between two fingers of the left hand, and so managed as to open and shut like a pair of pincers.

The body of laborers we here speak of differed very materially from the company that came on the Ville de St. Lo, being much stouter and heavier men—in fact, as robust as the average of Americans, and with the appearance of as much muscular strength. Without their habits are temperate, so that their capacity for continuous labor may be relied on.

We are informed by the superintendent of their labor that they yesterday gave a satisfactory specimen of what they could do, and how they could do it, in unloading a cargo of bricks in an incredibly short time. Although, with the exception of their interpreter, they understand no other language than Chinese, yet it seemed to be no impediment to their efficiency as workmen. They readily and accurately appreciate what is required of them, and they do it willingly. From the time of their departure from San Francisco to their arrival in New Orleans, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SPANISH CROWN.

Prince Leopold Etienne Charles Antoine Gustave Edouard Thassilo, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

From the New York Herald, July 6.

It is a singular fact that of all the Princes of Europe outside of France the only ones with whom the Emperor of the French is connected by ties of blood are Germans, and that these Princes to whom he is most nearly related are members of the house of Hohenzollern. And furthermore, it is a fact that such family connection is confined to the Beauharnais family, the Bonaparte house being limited to France.

The young Prince whose candidature for the Spanish crown has created so much excitement in Europe, rendering the relations of France and Prussia exceedingly grave, is, in fact, an own cousin of Napoleon by his mother's side. Hortense and Eugene de Beauharnais were, it will be borne in mind, the children of Josephine, afterwards Empress of France, by her first husband, Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais. An uncle of the Viscount, Count de Beauharnais, married the famous Countess Fanny, by whom he had Claude de Beauharnais. This nobleman filled the position of Chevalier of Honor to the Empress Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon I. One of his daughters, Stephanie Louise Adrienne, was the adopted child of the Emperor. On the 8th of April, 1806, she married Charles Louis Frederic, Grand Duke of Baden, by by whom she had two daughters, one of whom, the Princess Josephine Frederique Louise, was married on the 21st of October, 1834, to Prince Charles Antoine Joachim Zephyrin Frederic Meinrad, head of the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. It is noteworthy that this Prince is also in a measure connected with the Napoleon family by reason of his mother, the Princess Antoinette Marie Murat, being a sister of Joachim Murat, the great cavalry leader, who married Caroline Bonaparte, and whose children are now recognized as hereditary Princes of the French Empire. The mother of the present Emperor of the French, Hortense de Beauharnais, having been a blood cousin to Stephanie de Beauharnais, the grandmother of the new candidate for the Spanish crown, it follows that Napoleon and Leopold are cousins also.

Scandal, which did not spare the name of Hortense, was not over careful of the fame of Stephanie, of whom some not very favorable stories are told. She was, however, so comparatively obscure that but few persons at the present time are even aware of her having been the adopted child of the great Corsican. She lived to a ripe old age—71—and died on the 29th of January, 1860. Apropos of Stephanie, her grandmother, the Countess Fanny, was one of the most talented and dissolute women of her day. She was a poetess and romancer, of remarkable personal beauty and lovers, to the amorous poems of [illegible] whom she is said to have [illegible] Altogether, and truth to tell, the Beauharnais family have never borne an unsullied reputation for morality. [illegible] must be admitted that several of them have been distinguished for the possession of a high order of intellect.

It is curious to notice that of all the Princes created by the first Napoleon this family have alone made a stir in history since the fatal day of Waterloo. [illegible] a grandson of Stephanie has acceded to a throne—the brother of Prince Leopold, Prince Charles Eitel Frederick Zephyrin Louis, being the present ruler of Roumania.

Having thus briefly sketched the ancestry of the Prince whose name heads this article, it may be worth a consideration of himself. But little is to be said of him, for the reason that he has never before appeared prominently in European politics. He is the eldest son of Prince Charles, and was born on the 22d of September, 1835. At present he holds the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. On the 12th of September, 1861, he married the Princess Antoine Marie Ferdinande Michaela Gabrielle Raphaele Aloise Gonzague Silvine Julie Auguste de Braganza Bourbon, Duchess of Saxe, sister of the reigning King of Portugal. The multiplicity of names belonging to this lady has not prevented her from becoming the mother of three children—all boys—to Prince Leopold, the eldest of whom was born in 1864. This is about all that can be said of Prince Leopold.

The political significance of his candidature for the crown of Spain lies in the fact that he is a Prince of the royal house of Prussia. In 1849 his father ceded his sovereignty to Prussia, abdicating in favor of King William. In 1850 by royal decree, the family was invested with the title of Highness, and with the prerogatives of Princes of the royal family. In 1861 his rank was increased by his investment with the title of Royal Highness, which, being hereditary, descends to his eldest son, the Prince Leopold. Remote as is the probability of such a thing, it is nevertheless not impossible for the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, of which the King of Prussia is the head of all, to ascend to the throne of Prussia.

For the purpose of enabling the reader to perceive at a glance the relationship existing between the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Leopold, we subjoin the following genealogical table:

HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS DE BEAUHARNAIS.

THEIR SONS.

MARQ. DE BEAUHARNAIS.		CT. DE BEAUHARNAIS.
Father of		Father of
ALEXANDER.	First cousin.	CLAUDE.
Father of		Father of
HORTENSE.	Second cousin.	STEPHANIE.
Mother of		Mother of
NAPOLEON III.	Third cousin.	JOSEPHINE.
		Mother of
NAPOLEON III.	Fourth cousin.	PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The Princess, as already stated, married the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and is the mother of Prince Leopold. She being third cousin of Napoleon III., her son is consequently a fourth cousin of the Emperor, as shown above. Curiously enough the succession from the male Beauharnais ceased with both branches together, and great continued from the females, Hortense and Stephanie. And here it is also interesting to notice that while Hortense had none but male children, Stephanie had none but females. That the French Emperor should object to seeing his cousin-german on the Spanish throne is undoubtedly because the Prince happens to be a German cousin also, and a Prussian one at that.

Underground Lake at Bloomington, Ill.

From the Bloomington Pantagraph, July 8.

Allusions have been made in the *Pantagraph*, from time to time, to the vast supply of excellent water which has been found at the great well of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, at the first opening of the North Coal Shaft, and elsewhere. We have recently made some examinations upon the water supply, which are of much interest, considering that our city has no considerable running stream near it; and our conclusion is that there lies just on our northern border a subterranean and practicably inexhaustible lake of most excellent water, near enough to the surface to make it useful for all practical purposes. It has been known to local geologists for some years that at some time after the "Drift Period" a very considerable running stream had cut a channel in the drift to the north of the city, and this channel has been traced for some distance to the northeast and southwest. And this water bed which furnishes the present supply gives many indications of being a portion of that ancient river, in some excavation of which (now filled with gravel) the drainage of the country for miles around appears to be collected on a clay bottom. Over the southeastern margin of this underground basin the excess of water finds an outlet into Sugar Creek, at the old railroad pumping engine. Here it has been running over into the creek ever since the first settlement of the country, without intermission, and with but little variation as to quantity. When the first coal shaft was being sunk, northeast of the Chicago & Alton machine shops, this body of water was struck at some comparatively short distance from the surface, and the company was compelled to abandon the attempt to open a shaft through it. [illegible] This well is some thirty feet in depth (to the bottom), much of which was excavated in the water. The same body of water appears to have been reached by various wells in the valley north of us, but the most remarkable well is that at the "Soldiers' Orphans' Home." The altitude of the water surface in this well has not been accurately determined; but it appears to be the same as that of the railroad and the coal shaft. The surface of the water is some sixteen feet below the earth surface, and the water is consumed to the amount of about one hundred barrels per day, without producing any appreciable diminution in the supply. And the value of this supply may be estimated when it is stated that no such water was found in the neighborhood [illegible] the Reform School visited this little dry well, and [illegible] there was no sufficient amount of water for the Reform School to be obtained in the neighborhood, abandoned all idea of locating it at Normal on that account. But the truth is, the home stands on the margin of an inexhaustible body of pure water, from which an abundant supply is now pumped into the buildings by a windmill.

We are satisfied that this water supply may be reached at almost any place between the Orphans' Home and the old pumping engine on Sugar Creek; we know the water is most excellent in quality, and there is every reason to believe that the quantity is practically inexhaustible. If we shall ever need city water works, there is your water; it only needs pumping into a reservoir, and pipes for distribution through the city.

Vivisection and Metamorphosis.

From the New York Times, July 6.

A whimsical aspect has lately been added in London by an incident that a few years ago would have made the *Tribune's* mouth water. They are doing all manner of odd things in France just now, and among the rest a M. Reverdin has been detaching pieces of skin from human subjects and applying them to the raw surface of a burn, so as to make a new skin. Fired by a natural spirit of emulation, Mr. George Pollock, of St. George's Hospital, London, has been essaying to do the same thing. A white child had been accidentally burned, and Mr. Pollock took a bit of skin from the shoulder of a negro and applied it to the injured part. The surgical operation was successful, but its moral effect appears to have been unfortunate. It was straightway reported, first, that the poor black man had been flayed against his will; and, secondly, that the baby, of the operation was to change the child into a negro, in total disregard of the wishes of the parties chiefly concerned. [illegible]

made in order to show what part of the covering tissue it is which is concerned in the development of the new skin; that the negro received a sovereign for the bit of skin taken from him, and cheerfully parted with the treasure for that consideration; and that Mr. George Pollock had no idea of changing the little patient into a colored child, except to the extent of a spot of less than a pea in size, and in order that the palpable difference in color and texture might assist in defining the stage of the experiment. The *Lancet* declares the proceeding to be one of the safest, humane, and most interesting within the range of physiological science. It must be admitted, however, that the popular outcry seems to have had some plausible grounds for its justification, and supposing his first trial to have been successful, his colored man willing, and his supply of sovereigns unlimited, would not the temptation to go on and make his job a complete and symmetrical one have been rather hard for Mr. Pollock to resist? The experiment opens the door for not a little curious speculation, and it suggests a form of "miscegenation" not hitherto thought of by even the most ingenious of our American political physiologists.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Important Letter from Commissioner Wells to Mr. A. T. Stewart—The Foreign Trade of the United States.

The following important letter, written to Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, by the late Special Commissioner of Internal Revenue, before his retirement from office, has been obtained by the *Evening Post* for publication:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE REVENUE, WASHINGTON, [illegible]

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of request that the facts as to the truth of a [illegible] of the United States gold value of the exports of the current fiscal year [illegible]

[illegible]

The approximate figures of the export and import trade of the country for the first ten months of the present fiscal year, i. e., to May 1, 1870—the movement of specie and bullion being excluded—are as follows:

Imports of merchandise, gold values	[illegible]
Exports and re-exports, gold values	[illegible]
Excess of imports	[illegible]
Foreign merchandise in bond, June 30, 1869	[illegible]
Foreign merchandise in bond, April 30, 1870	[illegible]
Reduction	[illegible]
ADVERSE BALANCE, TEN MONTHS, 1869-'70.	
Excess of direct imports	[illegible]
Reduction of goods in bond	[illegible]
Adverse balance, merchandise account, 1869-'70	[illegible]
MOVEMENT OF SPECIE AND BULLION.	
Exports (domestic)	[illegible]
Re-exports (foreign)	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]
Imports	[illegible]
Loss of specie or bullion	[illegible]

If we suppose the excess of specie and bullion exports to have been devoted exclusively to the liquidation of balances on the merchandise account, the adverse balance on this account to be settled for in some other manner—for the first ten months of the fiscal year 1869-70—would be $12,444,[illegible]

For the remaining two months of the year 1869-70, the accounts are, of course, yet incomplete; but enough is known to make it certain that the adverse balance, as above exhibited, will be materially increased on both the merchandise and specie and bullion accounts.

The annual indebtedness on account of interest on Federal and other securities held abroad, and for freight carried in foreign bottoms, [illegible] the United States [illegible]

[illegible]

Taking these facts into consideration, the balance of indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, will be approximately as follows:

Adverse balance, merchandise account	[illegible]
Obligations for interest (paid) on securities	[illegible]
Freight carried in foreign bottoms	[illegible]
Expenditures of Americans in foreign countries	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

Toward the settlement of this indebtedness there has been a net export of specie and bullion for the first ten months of the fiscal year 1869-70, as already shown, to the amount of $31,985,968.

Leaving you to draw your own inferences as to the manner in which the balance of our indebtedness has been or is to be provided for, I remain yours most respectfully, DAVID A. WELLS.

To Mr. A. T. STEWART.

[illegible]

A Stolen Child.

From the New Orleans Times, July 3.

A great deal of painful anxiety is felt throughout this entire community for the kidnapping of Mr. Digby's child on the 9th of June last. With the particulars of this extraordinary case most of our readers are already familiar. The child, a beautiful girl, but seventeen months old, was in the charge of her [illegible] [illegible] other tall, bright, and good-looking, who took the children a square or so from home, to find out a certain residence. The tall woman carried the infant, and when they arrived at the alleged point of destination she gave the little boy twenty-five cents and told him to go and purchase some fruit, also telling him she would remain and take care of his sister till he returned. This was the last seen by any of the family of the little girl, and her parents have exhausted all their resources in vain endeavors to solve the puzzling riddle of her fate. Equally fruitless have been the efforts of the police to discover the child, though stimulated by an offered reward of $500. The lost lamb of the flock cannot yet be found, nor can any plausible conjecture be advanced as to why she was stolen. The silly rumor that she was stolen to become the victim of a voodoo rite is too horrible, as well as too ridiculous, to be for a moment entertained. Meanwhile the painful suspense which exists, and which has driven the father and mother almost to distraction, has called out the sympathetic aid of every one who has a heart to feel, and means were made to [illegible] excellent of noble purpose. Let it not be said that because these bereaved parents do not move in the higher circles of society the sympathies of the public are the less generous and exertions to recover the lost child searching.

In this connection we append a petition presented yesterday to Governor Warmoth:

To His Excellency, the Governor of Louisiana:

We respectfully represent to your Excellency, that on Thursday evening, the 9th of June, an infant of 17 months, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Digby, residing on Craps street, near Poydras, was stolen from the threshold of her father's house. No tidings have since been heard of it.

Deeply sympathizing with the parents to whom this terrible affliction has fallen, we the undersigned, ladies and residents of New Orleans, do petition your Excellency to use all the powers entrusted to you by the law, to offer rewards as tempting as possible, and to use all other means which, in your judgment, and in that of your legal advisers, may conduce to the recovery of the child.

Not doubting your active co-operation, and trusting that, in the goodness of God, our efforts may be blessed, and that the feeling of the community in regard to such lawless outrage may be assuaged by the restoration of the child to those who love it, your petitioners will ever pray.

[Signed by a large number of ladies.]

Winnecke's comet is approaching the earth. It was seen on the night of the 5th of June, by Professor C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, N. Y., in the constellation Pisces. It is visible through a telescope of small power in the early morning. Professor Peters says: "On the whole globular in shape there is a dilatation or expansion on the side from the sun, which makes the form not unlike that of an egg. But most remarkable appears the internal structure of the comet. Without a distinct stellar centre, there is a concentration of light exactly as in certain nebulae that have been found to consist of stars [illegible] [illegible] lost in the twilight of day, forbade to use with advantage a higher power for separating the components. As we know now the connection of comets and meteoric showers, the observation seems interesting."

FURNITURE.

THAYER & TOBEY FURNITURE Company.

PRICES MARKED DOWN TUESDAY, JULY 5.

87, 89, and 91 STATE-ST.

Factory, 56 to 62 West [illegible]

FINANCIAL.

SHORT DATE PAPER Real Estate and Others, DISCOUNTED BY LOUIS SAPIEHA. ADVANCES MADE ON Warehouse Receipts. 146 Washington, cor. of La Salle.

PROFESSIONAL.

EYE AND EAR. Dr. G. A. [illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

The Era of Speculation in City Property.

Increase of Municipal Expenses.

Horse Cars in Clark Street to Twenty-Second Street.

Real Estate Transfers at this Time Last Year, and for the Week.

A writer in the *Nation*, who takes a somewhat gloomy view of the business of the country generally, discourses at considerable length on the end of the "Era of speculation" in stocks, gold, cotton, and real estate, which, he thinks, is near at hand. The parks, boulevards, tunnels, water works, and the progress in city improvement generally which have been made in all the principal cities of the United States during the past few years, he regards only as the "artificial but seductive stimulants to a gigantic real estate speculation," which will result in such an increase of taxes as will drive people out of the cities. He says:

[illegible]

[illegible]

Lot 14, Bailey [illegible] July 1; [illegible]

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS.

Dedication of a [illegible] Church.

Services in the Churches.

[illegible]

The new Methodist church on [illegible] avenue, between Lake and Fulton, will be dedicated. The first story, being the lecture room and Sabbath School [illegible]

[illegible]

Rev. C. H. Fowler will preach at Wabash Avenue Church [illegible]

[illegible]

Rev. C. E. Mandeville will preach at St. John's Methodist Church, corner of Drexel [illegible] The regular quarterly meeting [illegible] School will take place in the evening.

Rev. [illegible] Dandy will preach at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church [illegible]

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

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OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Important Letter from Commissioner Wells to Mr. A. T. Stewart—The Foreign Trade of the United States.

A Stolen Child.

Underground Lake at Bloomington, Ill.

VIADUCTS.

Objections to their Construction on the Avenues.

Meeting of the Citizens of the South Side.

Resolutions Adopted.

RELIGIOUS.

Dedication of a Methodist Church.

Services in the Churches.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Contest between the Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, and the Amateurs, of Chicago.

The Reds Victorious by a Score of 56 to 19—A Long and Tedious Game.

Base Ball Items Here and Elsewhere.

THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Description of the New Offices in the East Wing.

HOTEL PERSONALS.

A BOGUS PRINCESS.

Edith Gilberta Morgan a Humbug—Some of Her Exploits in Ohio—Who and What She Is.

A DROWNED MAN COME TO LIFE.

An Attempt to Swindle Insurance Companies.

The Contagious Diseases Acts.

CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

Four Years' Silence at Length Broken—The Maggie Carney Murder in Philadelphia.

HUNTING THE SLIPPER.

The Dickens Sale.

A Remarkable Obituary.

A Childish Proposition.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

COMMERCIAL.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

For the Week Ending July 9.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

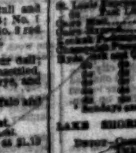
Foreign Markets.

New York Dry Goods Market.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MEDICAL CARDS.
Dr. Bigelow,
Dr. Raphael
Private Matters.

SCALES.
FORSYTH'S SCALES,
U. S. STANDARD,
FORSYTH, WILLIAMS & DOAL,
179 Lake-st., Chicago.
145 and 147 Walnut-st., Cincinnati.
205 and 207 Market-st., St. Louis.

FAIRBANKS'
STANDARD
SCALES,


WARNER'S MEDICINES.
WARNER'S
PILE REMEDY.
DYSPEPSIA.
COUGH NO MORE.
WINE OF LIFE.
EMMENAGOGUE.

RAILROADS.
Arrival and Departure of Trains
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

FURNITURE.
THAYER & TOBEY
FURNITURE
Company.
PRICES MARKED DOWN
TUESDAY, JULY 5.
87, 89, and 91 STATE-ST.

FINANCIAL.
SHORT DATE PAPER
Real Estate and Other,
DISCOUNTED BY
LOUIS SAPIEHA
Warehouse Receipts.
145 Washington, cor. of La Salle.

PROFESSIONAL.
EYE AND EAR.

EASTMAN

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SWEDISH MAN, [illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—BY TWO AMERICAN boys, aged 15 and 14 years; [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN WHO [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A BOY 15 YEARS OF age [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—I WILL GIVE $100 TO anybody who will [illegible]

Bookkeepers, Clerks, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGHLY competent bookkeeper [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS CLERK IN A RETAIL [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—IN A WHOLESALE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—I WILL GIVE $50 FOR a good situation in a wholesale [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MAN WHO [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS BOOKKEEPER IN A [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—I WISH TO INVEST $1,000 [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A THOROUGH BUSINESS [illegible]

Trades.

SITUATION WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—IN A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY WHITNEY [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS ENGINEER [illegible]

Coachmen, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RELIABLE YOUNG man [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A NORWEGIAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—TO DO ASSISTANT [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, AS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WISHES [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS COACHMAN, IN A [illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—A RESPECTABLE YOUNG GIRL [illegible]

WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE PERSON A [illegible]

WANTED—WOMEN TO WORK ON WHITE [illegible]

WANTED—LADIES TO CANVASS IN THIS [illegible]

WANTED—AT 25 SOUTH CLARK-ST., ROOM 1, [illegible]

WANTED—A LADY COMPETENT TO SELL MIL[illegible]

WANTED—GOOD WOMAN TO TAKE [illegible]

WANTED—AT 35 STATE-ST., FOURTH FLOOR, [illegible]

WANTED—ON MONDAY AT THE LADIES' EM[illegible]

Domestics.

WANTED—A LADY TO RUN A FASHION[illegible]

WANTED—AT MUNGER'S OPERA HOUSE [illegible]

WANTED—AT THE LADIES' HELP EXCHANGE, [illegible]

WANTED—AT 24 CALUMET-AV., GIRL TO DO [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE[illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL, FOR GENERAL [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL, FOR GENERAL [illegible]

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL, AT NO. [illegible]

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS COOK, WASHER, [illegible]

WANTED—GIRL, GERMAN OR NORWEGIAN [illegible]

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL TO DO C [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO GENERAL [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GERMAN GIRL TO DO [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD COOK, WASHER, AND [illegible]

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL, WITH GOOD [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL, FOR GENERAL [illegible]

WANTED—FROM 2 TO 5 GIRLS AND ONE [illegible]

WANTED—GOOD COOK, WASHER, AND [illegible]

WANTED—A GERMAN OR SWEDE GIRL TO [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG SCANDINAVIAN GIRL TO [illegible]

WANTED—AT MRS. BATES' OFFICE, 55 MADI[illegible]

WANTED—ALL TO KNOW THE INTELLI[illegible]

WANTED—THE BEST GIRL FOR GENERAL [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO CHAMBER WORK [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO COOK, WELL RECOM[illegible]

WANTED—COMPETENT, TIDY GERMAN OR [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD DINING-ROOM GIRL AT [illegible]

WANTED—AT 11 FIRST, A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD COOK AND SECOND GIRL [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO PLAIN COOK[illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO KITCHEN WORK. [illegible]

Housekeepers.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER—MUST BE FIR[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MIDDLE-AGED [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN AMERICAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY AS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A STEADY YOUNG [illegible]

Domestics.

SITUATION WANTED—AS OPERATOR ON [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY AS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SCANDINAVIAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GERMAN GIRL [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS COOK [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SCOTCH WIDOW [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—AS SECOND GIRL OR [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT AND [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GOOD, COMPE[illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A COMPETENT AND [illegible]

Seamstresses, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A LADY WHO HAS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—TO DO FAMILY SEW[illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WELSH GIRL TO [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WIDOW LADY TO [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A DRESSMAKER [illegible]

Housekeepers.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MIDDLE-AGED [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY AN AMERICAN [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WIDOW LADY [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG WIDOW [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG WIDOW LA[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGENTS MAKE MORE MONEY WITH OUR NE[illegible]

CARBOLIC ACID FOR DISINFECTING [illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—SMALL SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING [illegible]

LOST—AN ITALIAN GRAYHOUND [illegible]

DIVORCES OBTAINED IN A STRICTLY LEGAL [illegible]

DIVORCES LEGALLY OBTAINED WITHOUT [illegible]

LOST—A SOUND ONYX STONE MARKED "E [illegible]

H. FRORAE, MANUFACTURER OF WOOL [illegible]

$25 REWARD—ON THE MORNING OF [illegible]

NATURAL FLOWERS, FUNERAL WREATHS, [illegible]

LOST—JUNE 22, ONE BRINDLE AFGHAN [illegible]

SHIRT-MAKING, MACHINE STITCHING, AND [illegible]

LOST—JULY 4, 1870, A SMALL POCKET [illegible]

WANTED—A CHILD TO WET-NURSE, BY A [illegible]

$25 REWARD—AND NO QUESTIONS [illegible]

WANTED—DISCHARGED SOLDIERS AND OF[illegible]

LOST—FRIDAY EVENING, PIECE OF A GOLD [illegible]

WILL PAY CASH FOR A GOOD SECOND-HAND [illegible]

LOST—A LADY GUTTER WITH SIDE CARD [illegible]

WANTED—HANSON REPORTS—VOLS. [illegible]

LOST—ON THE 18TH INST., [illegible]

WANTED—PERSONS DESIRING THE SUCCESS [illegible]

WANTED—TO BUY A BILLIARD SALOON [illegible]

LOST—ON SATURDAY MORNING, A SMALL [illegible]

WANTED—AN INTEREST IN AN HONORABLE [illegible]

LOST—A BROWN HORSE, WITH HALTER [illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR SALE—A 7-OCTAVE PIANO, OVERSTRUNG [illegible]

FOR SALE—CHEAP—A SPLENDID NEW [illegible]

FOR SALE—CHEAP—A NEW, SEVEN-OCTAVE [illegible]

NEW AND SECOND-HAND MELODEONS [illegible]

20 SECOND-HAND PIANOS FOR SALE [illegible]

100 NEW PIANOS TO RENT AT W. W. KIMBALL'S [illegible]

THE BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching come—
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild, grim dice of the iron game,
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
Gallops the Major along the front.
"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command;
And the warriors silent halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife;
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through marrow and bone,
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more.

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy, through the reeking pall,
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes;
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel, as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank;
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent,
O'er the corpse before springs the hindmost man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van;
To the right, to the left, and around, and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunshine is quenched in the fiery fight;
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more.

The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What? Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell!"
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—oh, God, are the guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!
Sleep soft, where Death thickest descendeth in rain;
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly, day glooms into night.
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more.

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The Adjutants flying,
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe;
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we shall meet you once more.

A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

"She is really the prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fiftieth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house, opposite?"

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," returned the housemaid, "I met their cook at the grocer's, the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Capting Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence, with his wife and daughter, sir."

"Oh, indeed! Did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Yes, sir. She called her Miss Eva."

"Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud:

"That will do, Jane; thank you."

Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, 28 years old, rich, indolent, and tolerably good-looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house on the Clapham road, and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty neighbor, and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his fair enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution; and, having shut himself up in his study, after many futile attempts, he succeeded in framing an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction; begging her, if she valued his peace of mind, to return an answer to "W. V., The Post Office, Clapham-common." That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter into the nearest box.

Regularly three times a day, for a week afterward, he called at the Post Office to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced, Willoughby began to lose his appetite, and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was unwell, and begged him to consult their medical attendant. But her son laughed at the idea, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when, to his great delight, on the eighth morning, a letter was handed to him by the Postmistress, written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to "W. V." Almost unable to conceal his emotion, he quitted the shop, broke open the seal, and drank in the contents.

They were evidently of a pleasing nature, for he read the letter over and over again, kissed the envelope, put it into his breast-coat pocket, and hurried home to see his innamorata peep out of the window of the opposite house as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to address her respectfully; but immediately afterward he bethought himself that as he was still incognito, the young lady would, perhaps, feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she have any idea that he was "W. V.?" So he went indoors, and amused himself for two hours in inditing a reply to her letter, which he posted the same afternoon, and, in due course, a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days in running to and from the Post Office, writing letters, and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She will never look this way. I do wish she could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horridly sour-looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old foggies." Indeed her letters hint as much. And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the Post Office, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his "Dearest Eva."

At length, three months having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

"To W. V.—Sir: As it is useless to continue our correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your incognito, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feelings of idle curiosity I ask this—simply for our mutual satisfaction. Yours,
"EVA."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

"Dearest Eva: If you will permit me to call you so! Have you not for weeks past observed a young man with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And, although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.

"Lured by the graceful magic of thine eye,
Day after day I watch, and dream, and sigh;
Watch thee, dream of thee, sigh for thee alone,
Thou star of Clapham—may I add, mine own?

"To quote with some alterations, the noble lines of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor. Whenever you see me at the window, take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are ever on you. Your own
"WILLOUGHBY VANE."

To which epistle came the following answer:

"Dear Sir: Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add that your features are not at all repulsive to
"EVA."

"Bless her! What a delightful little soul she is!" ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes, and had his hair cut.

"Willy," said Mrs. Vane to her son the next morning, "I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste your time by looking out of the window all day as you have lately done. Come and read the parliamentary debates to me, if you have nothing else to do."

The worthy lady was a red-hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

"Dearest Eva: I am overjoyed at the contents of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only?
"WILLOUGHBY."

Back came the reply next morning:

"Dear Willoughby: Your reply has made me feel very happy. It is very dull here; no society except father and mother. I long for more congenial companionship. Thine,
"EVA."

In this delightful manner the days flew on. Halcyon days, too, they were for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this similar lover-like correspondence. On the following Monday morning Mrs. Vane left home on a visit to some friends in Devonshire, leaving her son to keep house at home. The same afternoon one of Captain Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

"Dearest: Have you any objection to my seeing my dear father all? Matters have come to far that it will be impossible for either of us to retract what we have written. I take papa into our confidence. I know his kind and generous nature well, and have no fear that he will oppose our union. Pray send me a line by bearer.
"EVA."

The answer was as follows:

"My Own Eva: Do whatever you consider best. My fate is in your hands. If your papa refuses his consent, I— But I will not think of anything so dreadful. Fear not that I shall ever retract. Life without you would be a desert, with no oasis to brighten it. Yours until death,
"WILLOUGHBY."

The next morning, just as Willoughby had finished his breakfast, he heard a loud double-knock at the street door, and, on being opened, a gentleman inquired, in a loud tone:

"Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?"

"Yes, sir," said Jane, ushering [illegible]

"[illegible] wishes to speak to you in the [illegible]

[illegible] handed him a card, inscribed "Capt. Choker Black, C. B., H. M.'s 1, Madras [illegible]

[illegible] him in a moment," said Willoughby; and he swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry to nerve him for the interview.

"Capt. Choker Black, I believe?" he said, as he entered the library.

"Your servant, sir," said the gallant Captain, who, glass in hand, was busily engaged in scrutinizing an engraving of the battle of Navarino.

"Your servant, sir. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?"

Willoughby bowed.

"Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here?"

Terribly nervous, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, our hero bowed again.

"Come, come, sir, don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confidant, so let there be no reserve between us. Eva has told me all."

Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair.

"You see I know all about it; you have fallen desperately in love with the poor girl, and although you have never exchanged two words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditious, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray excuse me for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical!"

As the Captain appeared to be in a very good humor, Willoughby's courage began to rise.

"Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, and have a right to do what you please. But I sincerely trust that you have no objection to the offer."

"I? None! Believe me, I shall be delighted to see my Eva comfortably settled. But hark ye, sir, business is business. I am a plain, blunt man, and fifteen years' sojourn with one's regiment in India doesn't help to polish one. First of all, then, what are your prospects?"

And the Captain drew a note-book from his pocket, and proceeded to examine our hero as if he was in a court of justice.

"You are an only son, I believe?"

"I am."

"Good." And down went the note in the pocketbook.

"Your age."

"Twenty-eight next birthday."

"Twenty-eight? Good. Is your constitution healthy?"

"I believe so. I have had the measles, whooping-cough, and mumps."

"Disorders peculiar to infancy. Good." And the Captain scribbled away again.

"Are you engaged in any business or profession?"

"None."

"Then how on earth do you live?"

"On my private income, Captain."

"Then all I can say is, you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able to subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is the amount of your income?"

"About seven hundred a year."

"Is it in house property, shares in limited companies, or the funds? If in public companies, I should be sorry to give two years' purchase for the lot."

"In the new 4 per cents."

"Good. I think I may say very good! What sort of a temper are you?"

"Well, that's a rather difficult question to answer," said Willoughby, smiling for the first time.

"Hang it, sir, not at all!" answered the Captain. "If any one asked me my temper, I should say 'Hasty, sir—confoundedly hasty!' And Choker Black's proud of it, sir—proud of it!"

"Say about the average," answered Willoughby, timidly.

"Temper average," said the Captain, jotting it down. "I think these are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?"

"I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently—from the window, sir."

"And you think you would be happy with her?"

"Think, Captain, I am certain of it."

"Very good. Now hark ye, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, an' hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets. Gad! sir, I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black."

"I have no fear on that score, Captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

"I know all about that," said the Captain. "Keep your fine phrases for the girl's ears. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you."

"You flatter me, Captain."

"Hang it, sir, no; Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it's yours so long as I find you plain-sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So, now, I hope we perfectly understand each other."

"One word more, said Willoughby. "Am I to understand that you consent to our union?"

"Certainly. You can be married to-morrow, if you please, sir; the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. Gad, sir, I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire-eater in the field; but, at any rate, he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood."

"Captain, you overwhelm me with gratitude."

"Say no more about it. Clap on your hat and come across the road with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once."

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the road together, and the captain opened his door with a latch key.

"One moment, if you please," said Willoughby, who was titivating his tie and arranging his cravat.

"[illegible] ready now?" asked the captain.

"[illegible] Vane," cried the captain, ushering [illegible] into the drawing-room. Then waving his [illegible], he added, "Allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter."

Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the two ladies. On the couch by the fire-side sat his enchantress, looking more bewitching than ever; her vis-a-vis being the tall, thin, angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

"What a contrast," thought Willoughby, "between mother and daughter."

"Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage. Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue then, I'll wager," the captain said, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat.

"Stay, sir—there is some mistake here," said Willoughby. "This lady is—" and he pointed to the gaunt female.

"My daughter, sir," said the captain. "My daughter by my first wife."

"And this—" ejaculated our hero, turning to the young lady.

"Is my second wife, sir!"

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month after his almost broken-hearted mother received a letter from him explaining the whole affair, and the postmark bore the words "Montreal, Canada."

THE MARSEILLAISE.

A French Description of How It Was and is Sung in Paris.

From the Journal Officiel de l'Empire.

On the 20th of March, 1848, Rachel appeared in "Les Horaces." The performance had gone off very well, and *Camille* had launched her curses against Rome, with the usual applause. The curtain had fallen when a voice called for the "Marseillaise." It was soon followed by another, until the whole house swelled into the one cry, "La Marseillaise!" A few minutes of this burst and the curtain went up, and *Camille* came forward without her Roman peplum, simple and grand in her white tunic. She came forward to the footlights with slow and majestic step. Never have we seen anything more terrible, more thrilling, than that entry. The whole house shuddered with terror before the actress had uttered a single one of those words of power. That mark of livid pallor; that deep, dark glance of suffering and of rebellion blazing in its bloodshot orbit; those eyebrows twisted in serpent wreaths; those lips depressed, holding in their superb curve a hurricane of prayers, and ready to sound the trumpet of malediction; those passionate nostrils, inflated as if with the breath of a free atmosphere after issuing from the fetid dens of bastiles, all produced a crushing effect; it was a terrific grace, a sinister beauty, inspiring alarm with admiration. When the actress, poised like a statue, drew herself up to her full height, and then with undulating movement showing the contour of her person beneath the long folds of her train, and raising her arm with tranquil force laid bare her shoulder by the fall of her sleeve, it seemed as though Nemesis, the tardy goddess, had suddenly stepped to life from a block of Greek marble sculptured by an invisible hand. Then, with voice irritating, strident, and monotonous as an alarm-bell, she began:

"Allons! Enfans de la Patrie!"

Not song, not recitative; a species of antique declamation, wherein the verse marches afoot, now flies aloft, a strange mystic music escaping the composer's notation, resembling, not reproducing, the song of Rouget de l'Isle Marseillaise as is the hymn, with such great musical force, Rachel had the secret of making it still more energetic, more fierce, more formidable by the reckless bitterness, the revengeful murmurs, and the metallic click of her diction. She had attitude, gestures, and carriage wonderfully expressive, in accord with the sense of each stanza. As she proudly uplifts her neck, free at last from the yoke, and shakes off the foot of the oppressor that has so long held her down to the dust, what a piled-up magazine of hate! What an undying thirst of vengeance are betrayed in those clenched hands, in the nerves trembling with the cold insensibility of resolution implacable! And with what tender effusion melting into tears at the sacred idea of country, she knelt down, at the same time, lost in the voluminous folds of the symbolic *tricolor*! At this sublime posture the house re-echoed with transports of enthusiasm. Bravos, clapping of hands, and stamping, came up in one continuous thunder roll.

This was how Rachel interpreted the hymn of the nation. Rachel, like Malibran, was devoured by the fire of her own genius; the victim was consumed whole on the altar. Events have come and gone; and now the house of Moliere vibrates again with that glorious appeal. This time it is still the tragic muse that gives us the lines of "Tyrtaeus," lines which, as Carnot said, "were worth a hundred thousand fighting men. The sculptured beauty of Mlle. Agar, her marble pallor, her tresses black as the raven's wing, her deep, sympathetic voice—now thrilling with tenderness, now clear and echoing like a trumpet call—make this one of the noblest impersonations of the mighty patriotic war ode. If Rachel had the air of Nemesis, the avenger, Agar [illegible] of Victory outspreading her wings of gold. She does not sing—she is not a singer; but she throws melody into her recitation, and the effect is very grand. It was certainly a daring enterprise to declaim those sublime strophes on the very boards whereon Rachel had cried aloud with so fearful an emphasis; but bravery has been successful, and the intelligent actress varied her expression. Her style was heroic impulse and assurance of triumph.

At the Opera it was the "Muette de Portici" (Masaniello), always charming, always exciting. But that evening people did not go to hear La Muette, and the audience are impatient. The second act was through, people had applauded the patriotic air, but to the rest they were indifferent, and the ballet [illegible] unbearable to the house. At last the [illegible] [illegible] of revolt, the [illegible]

MY MISTRESS' BOOTS.

They nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat:
This palpitation means
That these boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!

O where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet!

The fairy stitching gleams
On the sides, and in the seams,
And it shows
That the Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these toes.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

What soles to charm an elf!
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
O, how hard he would have tried
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent, and fair
As a rose;
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set this dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

AN AMERICAN ORDER OF PRIESTS.

The Paulists, and their Founder, Father Hecker.

From Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

On Fifty-ninth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, New York, stands the church and monastery of St. Paul. The place is known to the world of New Yorkers as the "House of the Paulist Fathers." Whoever comes to New York and is thrown in contact with the most intellectual classes of Catholics is sure to hear of this church and monastery, and Father Hecker, its founder. It is a handsome stone structure, built in modern Romanesque style, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and commanding a view of Central Park. Among the bright flower parterres within the enclosure can frequently be seen, tending and watering the plants, or culling flowers for the altars, the black cassocked forms of the high-bred, intellectual priests and monks, whose home and headquarters are here. They are all, with two or three exceptions, converts to Catholicity; they are all men of culture, and men whose vaulting ambition and aims would be high and daring were they not moulded to the nobler end of self-sacrifice. They are men to whom the religion of Jesus has become the romance of their lives. Most of them are from families of ample means, whose sons could command the usual gratifications of young Americans of the wealthier classes, but who have forsaken every ordinary ambition for the nobler one of treading the thorny path of self-abnegation as soldiers of the Cross.

Isaac Hecker was a young baker of New York; his parents were German. The family was estimable, virtuous and affectionate in their characters. The three brothers—George, John and Isaac—are deeply attached to each other, and began business at an early age together as bakers. But Isaac was not a man to keep his mind from embracing the whole wide range of human thought while working at his loaves. He nailed his books to the wall above his trough, that he might train his intellect while at his work. Soon after this we find the young Hecker leaving business and making his appearance among the seekers of wisdom at Brook Farm. Here, with Hawthorne and Curtis, C. A. Dana and Ripley, he speculated upon the delusion of arranging their lives upon a better system of society than that with which they found themselves surrounded. But after nine months' abode among them he left, no wiser or better off or nearer the solution of his problem than when he came. He experimented farther with Thoreau with no better success; returned to his brothers and their business still no happier or wiser.

Strange to say, a controversy of a very heated character, and violent attacks upon the Catholic Church, first led him to consider the claims of Rome to a hearing. He had been brought up with extremely liberal ideas by his Presbyterian father and Methodist mother, so, with no deep prejudices to overcome, it is not surprising that he should become one of an organization affording him the most boundless field for the practice of that devotion to a "cause" for which his ardent soul burned. He was living with Thoreau, in Massachusetts, when the decision that Rome and reason could be reconciled was made in his mind. He was 23 years of age, and the enthusiasm with which he communicated his decision to his friend is now unabated at nearly 50 years of age. He soon found he had a "vocation," as it is termed. He became a priest, and finally, in Germany, in a Redemptorist monastery, completed his novitiate and entered that austere order as a monk. He eventually withdrew from the Redemptorist order with several other Americans, mostly New Englanders. These monks, with Father Hecker at their head, founded the first new order of the Church in the New World. The sanction of the Pope and Archbishop was obtained, and the Paulists began their work. They procured a small piece of land, and began preaching and begging for their house and order. Twelve years have rolled away since then, and the success of their mission is seen in the handsome church and monastery on Fifty-ninth street.

Unlike the congregations of most Catholic churches in our city, which are made up largely of our Irish citizens, the worshippers at St. Paul's are mostly Americans, and a large proportion are "converts." The fact is frequently made among the gay Catholic belles of the city that all the Catholic ladies who have married Protestant husbands take pews at St. Paul's. Here is frequently seen Fernando Wood, whose present wife is a devoted Catholic. Roswell C. Hatch and Professor Mulvany, of Columbia College; Lawrence Kehoe, the publisher of the *Catholic World*, and Denis Sadlier, of the *Tablet*, are members of the congregation on Easter Sunday and the great festivals of the Church, or when it is known that Father Hecker or Father Hewitt is to preach; while Matthew Byrnes, the great millionaire house-builder; Judge Connolly, Matthew T. Brennan, Dr. Rayborg, of the late rebel army; Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, of the Federal army; Daniel Shannon and Supervisor O'Day are regular pew-holders. McMasters, the spirited and able editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, occupies a front pew near the altar, and here on every Sunday and all Church holidays is seen this devout and zealous convert from Scotch Presbyterianism, worshipping with true Catholic zeal before an altar of Roman magnificence, served by a priest, himself a convert, celebrating the mystery of the mass in Roman vestments and in a Latin service.

Well-Paid Women.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes:

"Workingwomen as a class, that is, shop-girls, store-girls, etc., are not, of course, so well paid as men, but some receive very good salaries nevertheless. Female telegraphers, for instance, are paid from $15 to $20 a week. A first-class sewing machine operator can earn $15 a week, though the majority do not earn more than half that. Good female teachers in private and public schools get from $600 to $1,000 a year. The better class of dressmakers and forewomen in sewing establishments average $800 or $900 a year, and some receive as much as $1,200. There are several women employed as bookkeepers at salaries of from $16 to $20 a week, and their places are just as secure as those of men. But all these women have had to learn their business thoroughly. Most of them count enough years to be considered old maids—from 28 to 40—but they have not given up the hope of getting husbands. And I can say, from observation, that those who do get husbands make excellent wives. There is no giddiness about them, and very little extravagance, and the moment they settle over a household they make everything tidy and comfortable, and keep it so. I don't know any class of women more desirable as wives for men who want agreeable homes, and a chance to save something for a rainy day, than the 'old maids' of thirty, or thereabout, who have responsible positions as employes in stores and workshops. There are several hundred women in New York who earn more money every year than an equal number of fairly qualified men, and they do not have to work very hard either. But what they do well, having learned their calling thoroughly, and drilled themselves into system."

Corpses.

It will be recollected that a Scotch matron, whose [illegible] was gnawed with envious rivalry of another matron across the way, exclaimed, upon seeing the funeral display, when her rival became a widow: "Weel, weel! There's mickle show ower there noo; but I'll ha'e a corpse mysel' frae mine ain door some day." A similar necessity for having a corpse to make a show with was felt by some citizens of Lansingburgh, N. Y., a few days ago. A number of them, in a boat, accompanied by a Coroner, began grappling near Waterford bridge for the body of one Fitzpatrick, who had been reported as drowned there while bathing. While the men were thus engaged, the inquiry, "What are ye's doing there?" was addressed to them by Fitzpatrick himself, from a pier of the bridge, to which, it appears, he swam unnoticed at the time he was supposed to be drowned. It was determined not to go ashore without a "body." So one of their number laid down in the bottom of the boat; the others covered him with their coats, and solemnly rowed back to the village. A crowd gathered at the landing, expressed themselves in the usual phrases of pity and sorrow; but one woman, pressing closely as the boat came in, observed that the stockings of the supposed corpse were dry, and, thereupon, expressed an indignant doubt about the drowning. Whereat, the "body" sprang upon its feet, while a shriek went up from the [illegible]. It was now the turn of the indignant [illegible]

IS THE WORLD ROUND?

The Belief of Mr. John Hampden.

From Chambers' Journal, July 23.

We hope our readers will not think us demented for asking the above question; but Mr. John Hampden (or "Parallax") has recently backed his opinion to the contrary by a sum of five hundred pounds; and an interesting experiment has taken place. This gentleman, in 1865, published a book to prove that the earth is a plane, without motion, and unaccompanied by anything in the firmament analogous to itself. The whole question turns on the convexity of water, for if the earth is a globe, and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, the surface of all standing water must have a certain degree of convexity; every part must be an arc of a circle, rising at the rate of about eight inches per mile; and in every succeeding mile, eight inches multiplied by the square of the distance. Mr. Hampden says he tried the following experiment. In the Old Bedford Canal, Cambridgeshire, a boat and flag was directed to sail from Welney Bridge, and remain at Welche's Dam, six miles distant, Mr. Hampden, with a telescope, placed himself in the water as a bather, with his eye not exceeding eight inches above the surface. The flag and the boat down to the water's edge, were clearly visible throughout the whole distance, so that he concluded if the surface of the water had risen as above mentioned, he could not have seen the boat at all. We have neither the space nor the inclination to follow Mr. Hampden in the far-fetched theories contained in his volume. Suffice it to say that this gentleman offered to stake five hundred pounds on his theory; and Mr. A. R. Wallace accepted the challenge, offering, in like manner, to stake five hundred pounds upon the issue, and agreeing to prove the convexity or curvature of the surface of a canal, river, or lake. The spot chosen was that portion of the Old Bedford Canal, between Old Bedford Bridge and Welney Bridge, a distance of six miles in a straight line.

The experiment came off March 5, 1870; and an oblong signal, six feet by three, was placed on Old Bedford Bridge, its centre being thirteen feet four inches above the water. At three miles' distance along the canal (we quote from the report of Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hampden's referee), a staff was erected, having a red disc of wood one foot in diameter affixed to it, the centre of which was also thirteen feet four inches above the water; and on Welney Bridge, three miles farther, a third signal was placed, reaching the top of the bridge, thirteen feet four inches likewise above the water. The observations were made by means of a large telescope (four-inch object-glass), and also by means of a sixteen-inch Troughton level, placed in the same position and height above the water as the large achromatic. On the central signal-staff there was a red disc, which was allowed to remain nine feet four inches above the water, or four feet lower than the other.

Now the result was, that in each of these observations, one taken from Welney Bridge, and the other from Old Bedford Bridge, with the large achromatic telescope, the two discs above the other bridge, showing that the signal-staff in the centre was higher, and thus proving the convexity of the water. Similar results appeared with the telescope of a sixteen-inch Troughton level, placed in the same position. The umpires, of course, could not agree, and the editor of the *Field* was called in as referee. He decided that Mr. Wallace, by means of the experiment agreed on, has proved to his satisfaction the "curvature to and fro" of the Bedford Canal to the extent of five feet, more or less. He, therefore, paid Mr. Wallace the one thousand pounds that had been lodged at Coutts' Bank.

Mr. Wallace, in a letter to the *Field* (April 2, 1870), commenting on Mr. Carpenter's remarks in his report, says that that gentleman objects to the value of the view in the large telescope "because it showed but two points, when a comparison had to be instituted between three;" but he omits to state that the telescope itself was placed accurately at the third point, just as was the spirit-level telescope—to the view shown by which he makes no objection. The views from both extremities of the six miles agreeing so closely, both prove the very great accuracy of the level used, and that it may be depended upon to show that the surface of water does really sink below the true level line in a continually increasing degree as the distance is greater; but the proof of convexity in no way depends on this accuracy, as it was shown still better by the large telescope without a spirit level. The curvature shown by the large telescope is about five and a half feet in the six miles, three miles distant; from the centre to eleven feet, if measured at the farther signal; and the depression below the cross level or true hair line being, according to Mr. Carpenter, an equal amount, makes twenty-two feet in all, leaving less than two feet for refraction to bring it to the full theoretical amount, which is something less than twenty-four feet. The three points deviated in a vertical direction very nearly as much as is required by the assumed dimensions of the earth, so that we may conclude that the level telescope line is a tangent to a circle, approximately the circumference of the earth. Mr. Vernon says, if the canal had in this experiment been laid out at right angles to a plumb-line dropped from its centre, it would have been found that the surface of the water three miles off was six feet, and at six miles, twenty-four feet, lower than the water at the spot where the observation was made.

Of course Mr. Hampden was not satisfied with the result, and still asserts that the surface of water is as flat as any billiard table in the metropolis; and in an angry letter to the *Field*, he tells the editor that if he touches the money to hand it to Mr. Wallace, he will serve them both with a writ for conspiring to obtain money on false pretences.

Mr. J. N. Hearder, of Plymouth, tells us that "Parallax" some years ago visited Plymouth, and, in one of his lectures, asserted that the rock upon which the Eddystone lighthouse is built, and which is about sixteen miles from the shore, could be seen as distinctly from the beach under the Hoe as it could from the top of the Hoe itself, an elevation of about eighty feet. Several gentlemen agreed to meet on the Hoe to test the experiment. The Eddystone Lighthouse is about eighty feet high, and is built on a rock which is nearly covered at high water. The building is surmounted by a lantern, which occupies some ten or twelve feet of its upper portion, and the remainder of the structure is painted in different colored bands; so that, as Mr. Hearder remarks, it formed an admirable object for the purpose of this experiment. A telescope was fixed on the top of the Hoe at the height of about eighty-four feet from the level of the sea below, to correspond with the height of the Eddystone, sixteen miles off. From this, the whole of the Eddystone and its rock were distinctly visible. But when the telescope was removed ten or twelve feet lower, the rocks were invisible; and in proportion as the telescope was removed lower and lower, band after band of the body of the building sank below the horizon, till at last, ten feet above the water's edge, nothing could be seen but the lantern. Five feet lower, the lantern itself disappeared. "Parallax," being asked to account for this, said it was due to the undulations of the water; but the day was so fine, that small vessels could be seen on the horizon with the naked eye, and the breeze was very slight, and quite insufficient to account for this. Another test was sufficient to prevent the observers from standing within an average distance of three feet from the edge of the water on the beach. On the same occasion, several vessels were watched, some of which, leaving the shore, could be seen gradually to descend below the horizon, until the hull, and even half the rigging, were out of sight to all the observers but "Parallax," who always protested he could see the hull as plainly as before.

Homer considered the world as flat. Mr. Gladstone, in his *Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age*, states that in Homer's estimation the form of the world was not circular, but oval, having a shorter diameter from east to west than from north to south. In the map he gives, it is in the form of a parallelogram with rounded edges, like the oblong shield then in use. The merit of the discovery of the *spherical* form of the earth is due to the Pythagoreans, who came to the conclusion from astronomical observations; but it is uncertain whether Pythagoras was himself aware of this truth. It was not received generally in Greece until the age of Plato. The Arabs speculated on the spherical form of the globe, and the calif Almamoun, in 814 A. D., ordered the measurement of a degree in the plains of Mesopotamia, which, at a much later period, was imitated by Snellius in Holland and Norwood in England. The length of degrees of the meridian in different latitudes gives the form and size of the earth. Eleven arcs have been measured in Europe, one in the Andes, two in the East Indies. No two of these yielded the same result, showing the slightly irregular form of the earth. Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," points out that the dip or depression of the horizon is, in round numbers, a fathom for every three miles of distance; that is to say, an object a fathom or six feet high would be hid by the curvature of the earth at the distance of three miles. Since the dip increases as the square, a hill 100 fathoms high would be hid at the distance of ten miles. Another mode of determining the form of the earth is by the oscillations of the pendulum. Its descent, and consequently its oscillations, are accelerated in proportion to the force of gravitation, which increases from the equator to the poles. Experiments have been made at various places, but no two sets give exactly the same results. The method employed for measuring arcs of the meridian, and that of deducing the form of the earth from the oscillations of the pendulum, are given in the sixth section of Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences," eighth edition. Of course, all this will be nonsense to "Parallax;" but we may be well content to leave the matter in the hands of all thinking men.

A Newport House—Kate Fields' Home.

Newport (Aug. 10) Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

The most elegantly finished house ever built in Newport is that of Mr. M. H. Sanford, just completed. The house is rather plain on the exterior, of the bar finish, with French roof and wide piazzas on three sides. The interior finish is hardly to be described. Not a particle of paint or shellac is employed in the whole house, and there are to be no carpets used. The floors from top to bottom are laid in hard wood, in fancy patterns; no two rooms alike, and waxed. Oak, ash, cherry, hard pine, maple, and black walnut are employed in these, and the floors are grooved, tongued, and glued in a most thorough manner. The woodwork of the parlors is butternut, with ebony trimmings and panels of mottled wood or the root of the butternut tree. These panels all through the house are polished as finely as a piano, the rest of the wood being waxed. The dining room is finished in black walnut with mottled panels and a carved wainscoting, and is the only room in the house papered. The paper is green and gold, in imitation of leather, and cost $18 a roll. The furniture is walnut, inlaid with gilt, with coverings of red Russia leather, and the floor is walnut and oak, in a beautiful pattern. The hall is a novelty, and surpasses any seen in Newport villas. It is thirty-five feet from floor to ceiling, and a grand staircase, with polished rail and panels, winds around it, each landing having a fancy piece laid in different colored woods. From each story are projecting balconies, with bronze gas fixtures, and near the top is a beautiful stained glass window. But the frescoed walls [illegible] the chief attractions, the designs [illegible] It is frescoed in the Pompeian style and done in oil in the best manner, as is the whole house, even to the servants' rooms. Everything is complete, and the billiard and smoking rooms are perfect little gems. There are very few houses in the country finished as is this, and Boston may well be proud of its handiwork. The house is palatial, and no expense has been spared to make it what its owner desired—perfect. Everything is done in the most thorough manner, and even the inside of the closet doors in the upper story are beautifully polished and waxed as are those of the parlors. The finest grained wood that could be procured is used in the floors and woodwork, and in the furniture, which matches, and which is also oiled and waxed in the same manner.

In the third story is Kate Fields' sanctum, for this is her home. She is a niece of Mrs. Sanford, and lives with her. The rooms designated for her use overlooks the harbor and bay, and has a bay window, with mirrors on either side, reflecting the view and enabling a person lying on the couch built in the window to see everything for miles each way without looking out. The floor is laid in stripes of walnut and ash, with fancy border and corner and window pieces, and the walls are finely frescoed. The furniture is of the bamboo pattern, and rich Turkish rugs are laid about the room.

A graceful arched bridge leads from the lawn to a little pier, where lies Mr. Sanford's little yacht and Miss Fields' pretty blue boat. The view of the Narragansett and the channel leading out into the sound is unsurpassed, and the river steamers, New York boats and all the sailing vessels that enter or leave the harbor must pass before the door.

The Bee Lover.

Round the red-ripe headed clover
Hangs the honey-begging lover,
Eager from her coils to sip
With his dainty-loving lip.

As around his head he's swinging,
In her ear this song he's singing:
"Red-ripe clover, red-ripe clover,
Yes, I love you o'er and over:

"And I've come a toilsome journey,
Just to plead as love's attorney;
Just to float about your ear,
And to hymn my love sincere."

So the lay he never ceases,
Till she every sweet releases;
Then his sails to air he flings,
And floats off on zig-zag wings.

Ah! there's many a honey lover
Buzzing through life's fields of clover;
Takes the same he still repeats,
Till he steals our nectared sweets.

LITTLE GIRL MARTYRDOM.

Laura Sensible the Victim of an Evening Party.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Mr. Boles: It was real good of you to put my letter in the paper, and my pa says all the little girls will want to know you. How would you like to have us all come trooping over to see you on purpose some day? I shood have writ you sooner only I've been dredful sick with an orful panel I catched at Flora Tenny's party. I love parties dearly when the go just after dinner, and ware clean frocks, and pla out-doors, and eat ginger-breads and strawberries and cum hoam and go to bed; but I don't like 'em a bit when the are just like grown folkses ones, as Flora Tenny's was. Just as we get sleepy and want to be undrest and say our prares, we have to be frizzed and drest, and oh my! how we are pinched and pricked and squeezed and shooked into our gaiter boots, and then into our petticoats and gowns and sashes and other close, and how our ankles ake, and our hares get cort, and our skirts don't stand out enuff, or stand out too much, and our sashes are too long or too short, or too little or too big, or too high or too low, and our chanes and lockets won't hang rite, and our bracelets get unfastened, and we are so tired to death that we don't care what becomes of us before we start. Some gurls like this being drest up fine, and Grandma Old says it's wus for them to go to parties, 'cause they get vane and proud, but I do hait all this fussin and fixin' and bein' turned and twested and pulled and puckered worse than taking rhubub, which I hait wust of anything in all this world.

We have to go in the dark nits, keeping our close all the time out of gettin' mussed and rinkled, and Maggie shaked me like everything 'cause I got my new pink silk rumpled some behind by sitting down on it before the time. Ida Secilia had ten ruffles on her blue silk, and she whisked 'em all the time, and said she'd think I'd be ashamed not to have but just only three on mine, and that my sash wasn't near as broad as hern, nor half so pretty, and I fretted. She said her ma went clear to Hartford, on purpose to get her white sattin slippers with big cruff rosettes on 'em, and she'd think my ma would kno better than to let me ware sattin gaiters to an evening party; and I guess my ma cried at that, don't you?

Bobby Barnes didn't dance with me no times, and he danced with Ida Secilia six, just because she had big rosettes on; and I ate just as much as anybody, and 'twas real good—there was frosted cakes and plum cakes, and lots and lots of shugar-plums and candies, Shariot rooses, and tarts, and jellies, and ice creams, and I et all of 'em, and drinked lemonade, and spillded it all over my new pink silk, and my ma scolded me, and said 'twould cost ten dollars to get it fixed agen, and grandma said she hoped 'twould teach her a lesson; but I guess my ma don't studdy lessone now—she's a groan up lady; do you think she would? I walked up in the nite with an orful feelin' all up and down inside of me most as if 'twas a stomach ake, only a great deal wus, and I shreeked and skreamed, and grandma was got up to me, and said again she hoped myma would learn a lesson, but I most know she won't, and I sweat and swelled till the doctor came, who gave me such orful stuff I thort I should die of it rite away; but I didn't, or I shoodn't never have writ this letter, should I?

I'm only just got so I can pla a little, and I tell you my pa has scolded orfully, and sais I may put as many peeces in the paper as I please, and he wants I should ask you whether mothers have got any common sense or not, and if they haint enuff to keep little children away from parties till midnite, he sais they'd better be put into the 'sylum at Northampton, and see if Dr. Erl can't have some branes got into their heads under the big brades and switches; but I shoodn't want my ma to go there and have a hole bored into her head, should you? and I guess she won't, 'cause she cried last night and said she'd decline all invitations only when they came in the daylite, and I cood ware plane muslin frocks; and I'm so glad, we shall have such first-rate, real jimmy times, and I hope you'll come and see us, Mr. Boles, and let us kiss you, if we want to,—maybe we shan't.

My pa said something funny; he said he couldn't afford to have gurls, the cost so much to get 'em furbeloughs, but he's got me and he can't help himself, can he? And he loves me dearly, and says he wants a little gurl and not a befrizzled, beseshed, beflounced monkey, vane as a peacock and silly as a goose; and I am a little gurl, and not a monkey, nor a peacock, nor a goose, ain't you so glad, Mr. Boles? I'm all done, only grandma wants I should ask you how you think Miss Blossom's somebody, who was married Father day, feels to see all her petticoats and underclose put into the newspaper. My grandma blushed for shame—she did—and when I get married I shan't have mine put in, 'cause 'taint modest nor pretty, is it? Your little friend,

LAURA SENSIBLE.

What Becomes of the Birds.

Mr. Wallace, in his recent valuable work on "Natural Selection," says: "Our own observation must convince us that birds do not go on increasing every year in a geometrical ratio, as they would do, were there not some powerful check to their natural increase. Very few birds produce less than two young ones each year, while many have six, eight or ten; four will certainly be below the average; and if we suppose that each pair produce young only four times in their life, that will also be below the average, supposing them not to die either by violence or want of food. Yet at this rate how tremendous would be the increase in a few years from a single pair! A simple calculation will show that in fifteen years each pair of birds would have increased to nearly ten millions! whereas we have no reason to believe that the number of the birds of any country increases at all in fifteen or in one hundred and fifty years. With such powers of increase the population must have reached its limits, and have become stationary, in a very few years after the origin of each species. It is evident, therefore, that each year an immense number of birds must perish—as many, in fact, as are born; and as on the lowest calculation the progeny are each year twice as numerous as their parents, it follows that whatever be the average number of individuals existing in any given country, *twice that number must perish annually*. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of an immense bird population is that of the passenger pigeon of the United States, which lays only one, or at most two eggs, and is said to rear generally but one young one. Why is this bird so extraordinarily abundant, while others producing two or three times as many young are much less plentiful? The explanation is not difficult. The food most congenial to this species, and on which it thrives best, is abundantly distributed over an extensive region, offering such differences of soil and climate, that in one part or another of the area the supply never fails. The bird is capable of a very rapid and long-continued flight, so that it can pass without fatigue over the whole of the district it inhabits, and as soon as the supply of food begins to fail in one place, is able to discover a fresh feeding-ground. This example strikingly shows us that the procuring of a constant supply of wholesome food is almost the sole condition requisite for insuring the rapid increase of a given species, since neither the limited fecundity nor the unrestrained attacks of birds of prey and of man are here sufficient to check it."

How English Women Paint.

From the London News.

It is impossible to walk in the row, to saunter along the drive, or to attend any of the various gatherings where fair faces are supposed to be the chief attraction, without noticing how many of them owe their imagined charms to another hand than that of nature. During the last eight years the odious practice of painting the face has been steadily growing, until, in the most conspicuous classes of society, the practice has ceased to be the exception, and has become the rule. Once more, as in the time of Steele, we have a race of Picts among us. Formerly, an old harridan, if she spread a little cautious rouge over the cheeks that age would have spared, had unremitting excitement not been superadded to years, was pointed out with the finger, and was in a double sense a marked woman. Nowadays the youngest fingers dabble in the pigment. The disease has spread from the cheeks to every portion of the face. The mouth, which one would have thought the last to catch the infection, has taken it in the most violent form, and hundreds of women in London go about with a perpetual lip upon their lips. Pencils for the eyebrows, and even for the eyelashes, are common wares on a modern toilet table. Nothing strikes a stranger to Hyde Park more forcibly than the want of expression in the countenances which flash past him during the hours that carriages congregate in that much-affected spot. They lack all mobility. There is no play of features about them; they are fixed and set. Moore would never have compared any of them to the lake that breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. This phenomenon is often remarked on, is fully explained when it is remembered that a single injudicious smile might mar the labor of hours. It is lamentable to think that the repose which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere is too often to be attributed, not to any inherent refinement or to any [illegible] [illegible] the study of an active morning.

LADY WASHINGTON.

Her Rebuke of Finery.

From Harper's Bazar.

In the year 1789, General Washington yielded to the call of his countrymen, and his own conviction of duty to the new-born State, and was installed as President of the young Republic. His wife, Mrs. Martha Washington, generally called by courtesy Lady Washington, of course went up with her husband to the Government House. She was a refined, thoughtful woman, with a great blending of strength, sweetness, and simplicity in her character. With the calm self-possession of a Christian lady, she entered on her duties as wife of the President, and, officially, the first woman in the land, while, she continued to maintain in her habits and deportment the simplicity of dress and the sincerity of speech for which she had always been remarked. At first, she was almost overwhelmed with the hosts of visitors, many of them idle and frivolous, that she had to receive. This was soon brought into rule. General Washington had a "reception" on Wednesdays, from 1 to 3 o'clock, and his wife on Fridays, for the same number of hours, depending with as much of mere ceremonial and state as possible.

There were, however, some ladies who wanted more splendor, and they resolved to ask a special audience, and try to alter the plans of the wife of their illustrious President.

One morning three fair dames appeared at the Government House; they were dressed out in the utmost gayety and splendor, as if nature had formed them merely to carry finery and trinkets. Diamonds sparkled in their ears and glittered on their necks. Their hair was puffed out, frizzled, crimped, and tortured in every form but that of nature's elegance. They wore, also, high head-dresses, adorned with artificial flowers and nodding plumes, and fluttering ribbons to crown the edifice of hair which fashion then decreed should encumber their heads and brains. Their hands were emblazoned with rings, their wrists encumbered with ruffles, clasps, and bracelets. Stiff muslin rose like foam around their cheeks and shoulders; and though their rich brocaded silks fell in costly folds about them, and partially hid the pressure that gripped in their waists, yet the pent-up heart had to sympathize with the oppressed brain, overweighted with fashion's load. They came rustling and fluttering into the presence of the lady they sought. She received them in a plainly-furnished room, in which she spent her morning.

With dignified courtesy the thoughtful matron rose to greet her visitors. Her well-fitted book-case, made for use not show, was behind her chair; her table, with her work-basket and materials for work before her; and in her hand were her knitting needles, the useful companions of many lonely hours. Gravely, yet most courteously, she heard the remarks which, with faltering speech, they had come to make. For they did not find it so easy to speak of luxury and display as desirable when they were face to face with the noble woman who, through years of anxiety and privation, had ministered to the wants and mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers during the terrible struggle for independence. Somehow their faces lost the defiant air and vain simper they had worn when they first entered her presence, and had deepened into seriousness and respectful attention as the wife of Washington, after hearing them, said:

"Ladies, you came to advise me, and, as far as kindness prompted you, I am obliged for the motive, though I cannot act on your suggestions. You are in the bloom of life. Many years, I trust, are before you. My age, even more, far more than my station, gives me my giving you some advice. Dear ladies, suffer the word of exhortation. Should Christian women, honored wives and mothers, be content to aim at no higher glory than that of the insect that glitters in the sunbeam—to be as the fire-fly, or the humming-bird? You spoke of the greatness of my husband. His dear mother ever looked well to the ways of her household. She taught him to be industrious by her example, for the spinning wheel spun the clothes he wore from his earliest days; and she, like myself, loved the knitting needles." (She looked, as she spoke, at her knitting.) "Ladies, during eight years of ceaseless struggle the women of America—the mothers of the land—spent no money on finery for themselves. They spent all their available means in providing clothing for the army, which, but for that succor, must have perished in our long and bitter winters. I do not wish to boast; I did only my duty; nay, I know it was my privilege, as Washington's wife, to toil for the men under his command. I always went into winter quarters with him. In summer time I and his mother and my friends were at our spinning-wheels. Once, in the winter, I had sixteen looms under one roof, all weaving cloth—coarse, indeed, but warm—for the soldiers of the nation. Trust me, woman was made for nobler ends than merely to display finery, which mars rather than improves the graces that nature has bestowed."

"I know," said one of the ladies, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Benjamin Franklin, sold her ornaments and all that she could possibly spare to commence a fund, which other ladies in Philadelphia were induced to aid, both by hand and purse. They made, I remember, 2,200 shirts in one season for the army."

"Yes, dear young ladies, the example of Franklin's daughter influenced the less thoughtful, but not less kind-hearted ladies of that city. One faithful woman—how much she can do to check the influence of luxury and folly! Our countrywomen, before the troubles, had grown fond of foreign fashions, and it was feared that, as we depended for luxuries on Europe, the patriotic desire for independence might be checked by a cause so trivial, and yet so dangerous, as the frippery of female fashions. Mrs. Warren, I remember, did good service to the cause of liberty and truth when, in a poem she wrote, she satirized her countrywomen's love of dress."

"That poem," said another lady, "was one suggested by the remark of a friend of hers: 'That all articles of foreign commerce should be dispensed with, except absolute necessaries.' I remember Mrs. Warren amusingly put a fancied list of articles an American lady could not dispense with; I forget the words, but—"

"I can find them," said the lady President, reaching her hand to a book on the shelves behind her, and, after a little search, coming to the words:

"An inventory clear
Of all she needs, Lamira offers here;
Some lawns and lutestrings, blonde and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks and hats, of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes,
With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour;
Tippets and handkerchiefs at least three score,
And feathers, [illegible] and dumplings,
[illegible]
[illegible] Lamira and her wants so few
Who can refuse? they're but her sex's due.
In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threatenings of a Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping pins;
But rank not these among our modern sins.
Our minds and manners are well understood,
To settle in a stomacher and hood."

The poor ladies, as the inventory was read over, looked down at their dresses with dismay. Almost every article enumerated they were wearing. Impressed, not offended, they left the presence of the noble matron, bearing her words in their minds, and, it is to be hoped, their influence in their hearts; for she gave not merely the precept of the lip, but the example of her life.

What's in a Name?

From the New York Evening Post.

A constantly-recurring trouble in the family is that of naming children. In the large majority of cases, it is resolved very simply. The first boy or girl is christened after the father or mother, and the successors take the names that have been handed down in the family from generation to generation—and this without a thought of the cruelty practised on the unconscious infant of fastening Adoniram or Mehitable on it for life. The Pilgrim Fathers named their children remorselessly out of the Old Testament, or else after the Christian virtues, and the custom still lingers among their posterity, as appears in the tuneful lyric of California—

"I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James."

The reaction from this ancient usage has taken many forms that are more or less open to objection. The descendants of the Puritans have imitated the patriotic examples of their fellow-citizens of other lineage, and outraged their sons by baptising them George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and John Quincy Adams, until thousands upon thousands have come to bear these prefixed to their patronymic, just as in Virginia every other boy is named John Randolph or Thomas Jefferson or Patrick Henry.

Then there are the classical names, of which President Grant himself was one of the victims, entailing such dreadful wrongs as Tiberius Gracchus Snooks, and Cincinnatus Fabius Maximus Popkins; and the aristocratic names, out of the novels, of Marmaduke, and Lionel, and Orlando, and the like. For the girls, as an escape from the commonplace, the termination of *ie* has alarmingly prevailed of late years in Bessie, Fannie, Katie, Maggie, Sallie, (why not? since this is but another form of Psyche); after which the most popular names are taken from the garden and the field, as Rose, Pink, Daisy, Blossom, Violet, Lily, which are pretty, though a Lily with red hair and a Pink with a sallow complexion strike us as Miss-Nomers, and a Lily spelt Lillie (as it is in nine cases out of ten), becomes unendurable.

Eccentricities of names and happy accidents of names open so wide a field of playful speculation and research that no limits short of a magazine article will admit of an excursion thereon. Such conjunctions as Preserved Fish, Honor Bright, Mahogany Coffin, Temperance Pledge, Virginia Weed, Last Chance, Dunn Browne, and Return Swift may be multiplied indefinitely out of the directories. In High Holborn, London, there is a firm of Flint and Steel, which, if they were dealers in fireworks, would suggest danger, and a difficulty of obtaining insurance, and near the Church of St. Dunstan's, in the city of London, the names of Ward & Lock may be seen on a sign over the door of a publishing house, though they might more appropriately refer to the business of bank safes. In other parts of London, Lamb & Hare, Holland & Sherry, and other odd combinations strike the attention of the passer-by.

Some years ago, before the railway had been pushed through Alabama, the proprietor of the regular line of stage coaches from Montgomery to Mobile rejoiced in the happy appellative of John Golightly, which the incredulous passenger positively refused to believe accidental, and at this moment a ferry-boat on the Ohio, between Louisville and Jeffersonville, gives, in its name of "John Shallcross," a positive assurance to the public of getting over.

One of the most prominent politicians of the South, who held a place in the rebel cabinet at Richmond, came to America with no name at all, having drifted ashore as an infant from a wreck, in which both his parents had been lost, and having been christened from the name of the vessel which had gone down.

We all recollect the old story of the worthy lady who, having named four sons successfully Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, insisted on calling the fifth Acts, a perversity that can only be equalled by the father of ten children, who, having been blessed with three more, named them Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. But [illegible] [illegible]

Reconciliation.

Make it up? There's no need, I assure you,
For nothing you do has the power
To move me—well, if you'll stop teasing,
I'll be pleasant and give you a flower.
There, will that do? Oh, no, I don't mean it;
It's a heliotrope—throw it away;
Just think, if my mother had seen it,
What would she be likely to say?

Oh please don't go down on your knees now;
Just think, perhaps some one may come;
If your sylph-like Miss Belknap should see us,
Her anger would make her quite dumb;
But since you insist on an answer,
Though I'm sure we are going too far,
Mamma likes you, you know, and for my part,
Why, I always agree with mamma.

The Pickpocket's Story.

"Yes, sir," said the pickpocket to the Rev. Mr. Dusenbury, pastor of St. Ruth's church—"yes, I am going up for six months, and it's for prigging a watch. I dunno as I am a sinner in particular; folks must live, you know; and I never went to Sunday School. Thank ye for them tracts, but I can't read much, to speak of.

"Don't I feel ashamed of myself? Well, sir, I don't know as I do, much. Once, I own up, I did make a regular flat of myself, and I'll tell you, if you want to know. It was two years ago, and flatter, of younger than I am now, and flatter, of course, and I'd had bad luck for a week, and nothing to eat all day; and I don't suppose that 'Lijah you was readin' to me of, out of the red book there, felt any gladder to see them there ravens than I did to see a young country gal get off the boat at the foot of Barclay street, and walk and walk it, with her pocket-book showing through her muslin dress as plain as the nose on your face. Country ladies are a perfect blessing to our profession. They go a rambling along, looking at the shops and the fashions, and all you've got to do is to jest take and put out your hand for their purses and handkerchiefs. I'd have had hers before she'd got half way to the cars, only for number 99. He was shot afterwards by a gentleman I know, for meddling where he wasn't wanted. The gentleman had just got clear with a lot of silver, and ninety-nine grabbed him. It naturally r'iled the gent so he fired. But ninety-nine was alive and well that day, and he kind o' winked at me, as much as to say, 'I see your little game.' So I crossed the street, and I didn't get up with that young country gal at all until she'd just hailed a car. Then I jumped on too, and set down alongside of her, and pretended for to go to sleep. Had to be waked up to pay my fare, you know, and heard the old lady opposite say that I was tipsy. Well, this young gal—pretty she was too, you bet—she looked at the folks and at their clothes, and at the other folks going along the street, and she smiled to herself as pleasant; and by and by she asked the conductor to stop at Broadway, for she was going there a shopping. Jest as she said that, she leaned across me, and I got the pocketbook. It was the easiest thing I ever did, and I was sound asleep again before she straightened up. I meant to sleep a few minutes more, you see, and then get out; but just then in came a little beggar with black pins, and held out his hand to her. She stuck hers right in her pocket, country fashion, to give him something, and then she hollered out:

"'Oh my! Oh my! It's gone! I've lost my pocket-book!'

"Jumping out then would have been flat. I roused up, and says I:

"'Here, get up and look! This here lady has lost her money! Look on the floor, conductor! Under your dresses, may be, ladies! Unless somebody has been and took it!' says I.

"Everybody looked, everybody talked, and the girl began to cry. When I saw the tears a running down her cheeks, and the dimples going out of them, I felt so funny, mister, that I haven't got any words for it. I felt as queer as queer can be—never felt so before.

"'Oh,' says she, 'there's fifty dollars in it! fifty dollars! I came way down from Clove Hill this morning, to buy my wedding things. I've been a saving 'em two whole years—and now it's gone! And now,' she says, a sobbing dreadful, 'my wedding will be put off, and may be it won't happen at all;' and down she sat again, crying. And I saw the men a laughing at her, and the ladies a smiling, and I can't tell you how queer I felt. I'd got down by the floor, and I knew now was my time, and I stepped off. Mister, I dunno what ailed me. When I was a little boy, I had an old woman—yes—I mean my mother—that went and died. She had just such yaller hair and blue eyes. May be 'twas that. Something came over me, any how—and I jest give in to it. I pulled out the pocket-book, and I ran after the car. I jumped on and I dumped that there fifty dollars into the country gal's lap.

"'There,' says I, 'I picked it up in the street. Is it yourn?'

"'Oh, yes, yes!' says she. 'O, thank you, mister, thank you! Oh, how glad I am! Oh, thank you.' But I didn't want to listen. Some one yelled out, 'He stole it.' The conductor made a grab at me. I heard the gal scream out, 'Oh, no! a good, kind young gentleman like that, he wouldn't—' And I was off like lightning.

"I hadn't a cent to get a supper with that night, and I slept under a stoop. And I hadn't my luck all next day. But I couldn't have kept that money to save my life. And I hope she got married to a good feller. I do, and feels kind o' kind to me when she remembers."

"That, sir," said the pickpocket, shaking his cropped head, "is the only flat thing I ever done, and the only one I'm ashamed of."

"And of what part of the transaction are you ashamed?" said Mr. Dusenbury, in perplexity.

"I dunno exactly, sir," said the pick-pocket, "I only know that whenever it comes across me, I feel flat. But, you see, I couldn't have kept that gal's wedding money, not for nothin'; 'specially when her eyes was so like my old woman's that died when I was a boy, a might have gone out of the profession then. I felt so flat, only it's a hard thing to do; everybody agin you so—them in it, and them out of it. And thank you, and good-bye, sir."

How to Carve.

From Hearth and Home.

Carving is a very desirable accomplishment for both ladies and gentlemen, and should be taught. One cannot learn it by tuition, but by practice, joined by a small slice of theory. It is true that the French style of serving the meat sliced is fast banishing the necessity of carving at the table of the rich; but in middle life, where such elegancies are not practised, a knowledge of carving should be a part of a boy's or girl's education. How often do we hear a person say: "Oh, excuse me, I can't carve; I never tried." Or, if it be attempted, a son soon finds himself sadly embarrassed. He grasps the knife and fork desperately. He has learned that a slice of the breast of turkey is a dainty; that a wing is good; the second joint also; that the leg is not so good. But it is not an easy task to separate them; and he thinks he would rather chop wood than cut turkey. He does not know that on the back lies a delicious morsel called the oyster, and the side bones below the second joint are considered tidbits. This must be taught him. Ladies ought especially to make carving a study; at their own home the task often devolves upon them, and they should be able to perform it with ease, and not be forced to accept the assistance of visitors, who would probably dread the operation. The platter should be placed so near the carver that he has full control over it; if far off, nothing can prevent an ungraceful appearance. A sharp knife is requisite, and a thin and well-tempered blade. In carving turkey, cut off the wing nearest to you first, then the leg and second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded, ivory-shaped piece appears; insert the knife between that and the bone and separate them; this part is the nicest bit of the breast; next comes the "merry thought." After this, turn over the bird a little, and just below the breast you will find the oyster, which you separate as you did the inner breast. The side bone lies beside the rump, and the desired morsel can be taken without separating the whole bone. Proceed the same way with the other side. The fork need not be removed during the whole process. An experienced carver will dissect a fowl as easy as you can break an egg or cut a potato. He retains his seat, manages his hands and elbows artistically, and is perfectly at ease. There is no difficulty in the matter; it only requires knowledge and practice, and these should be taught in the family, each child taking his or her turn. Chickens and partridges are carved in the same way.

A Specimen of Mormon Incest.

From the Virginia City Enterprise, Aug. 2.

A young man named McCall, a Scotchman by birth, and about 23 years of age, who arrived in this city, a few days since, from Salt Lake, tells a curious story of his experience among the Mormons, which we give for what it is worth. He says that himself and sister became converts to the Mormon faith in Ireland, and that, with other converts picked up in England and Ireland, they were brought to Salt Lake. After living in Salt Lake a short time, his sister being told that she must marry some one, took it into her head that she would like to marry him—her own brother. He objected, and she went to Brigham about the matter, and was told that it was allowable for her to marry her brother. She now declared that she would marry no one else, and insisted upon her brother taking her as his wife. He now went to Brigham, believing his sister had not told him the truth, and was told that any man might marry any woman, the main thing being to increase and multiply. Finally the brother and sister were married after some Mormon form, and, after the ceremony, the brother, becoming horrified at what he had done, watched his chance and ran away without going home. Although this story appears too outrageous for belief, the young man (who is here looking for work in the mines) tells it for truth. Some of the well authenticated marriages are bad enough, but this is a step beyond them all.

"Half-Price."

A young rustic in Albany, named Knox, saw a placard, "Linen Drillings at Half-Price," before a dry goods store; went in and purchased ten yards, the price being stated by the clerk to be fifty cents per yard. Taking the parcel, he handed the clerk two dollars and a half.

Clerk. "How is this, my friend, you haven't given me enough."

Knox. "How in thunder do you make that out; didn't you mention that the price of this stuff was fifty cents a yard?"

Clerk. "To be sure I did, and you asked for ten yards at that price, so that your bill is five dollars."

Knox. "I'll bet my bill ain't five dollars—look at that sign board, young man; don't it say 'Linen Drillings at Half-Price.' You said the price of this 'ere piece I chose was fifty cents a yard; half of fifty is twenty-five, and ten times twenty-five is two-fifty—stranger, you can't climb me, I've travelled."

The proprietor was called, but the rustic would not be argued out of his arithmetic, and rather than have a "scene" the loss was put up with, and the young man allowed to travel with his bargain. Which suggests the fact that people who keep shop should be careful what contents they advertise for the acceptance of the public.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Aug. 21.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity (Epis.); Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.); St. Joachim, C., Father of the B. Virgin (R. C.). Aug. 22—Octave of the Assumption of the B. V. (R. C.). Aug. 23—Vigil of St. Bartholomew (R. C.). Aug. 24—St. Bartholomew (Epis.); St. Bartholomew, Ap. (R. C.). Aug. 25—St. Louis, King, C. (R. C.). Aug. 26—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, widow (R. C.). Aug. 27—St. Joseph Calasanctius, C. (R. C.).

—The Hungarian Minister of Public Worship has advised that the promulgation of the dogma of Papal infallibility should be prohibited.

—The Orthodox Church at East Hartford, Vt., was organized in 1685, and during the one hundred and seventy-five years since has had but seven pastors; only two during the first ninety-seven years.

—A number of Englishmen, admirers of Chunder Sen, the eloquent Hindoo, have concluded to form a theistic society, in the hope that England may be converted to the principles he advocates—simple Deism as to faith, and simple Christianity as to precepts.

—The Rev. Benj. Judkins, a Congregational minister in Keokuk, Iowa, together with his wife and daughter, were recently confirmed in that city by Bishop Lee. Mr. Judkins is to be ordained to the Episcopal ministry.

—The Rev. W. F. Watkins has resigned his position as pastor of one of the Methodist Episcopal Churches in New Haven, for the purpose, it is said, of joining the Episcopal Church.

—Mr. Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., has a spacious yacht, in which he is conveying a party of distinguished Methodists in a pleasure cruise along the New England coast. Among the guests are Abel Stevens, the historian of Methodism; Dr. Crooks, editor of the *Methodist*; Dr. E. O. Haven, President of the Northwestern University, and Dr. Tiffany, Dr. Andrews, and the Rev. W. C. Steele of New York city.

—A committee of English Quakers have been making a missionary tour through the Shetland Islands. They were warmly received, not only by the fishermen and their families, but by the clergy. They held fourteen services in Established kirks, thirteen in Independent chapels and twelve each in Free kirks and Methodist chapels.

—The celebration in Brussels of the five hundredth anniversary of the burning of the Jews has been forbidden by orders from Rome.

—The *Methodist* advertises some forty-five camp-meetings during August and the first week of September.

—The Japanese are persecuting native Christians to the death, and still evince the most intense hatred of Christian foreigners. In China the persecution of Christians, native and foreign, has reached a bloody pitch. In Japan it is said that altogether, and at various times, 40,000 persons confessing to the religion of the cross have been assassinated by order of the authorities. The Government of China does not openly oppose the Christian worship, but the people are permitted to create "riots" and kill off the professors of the objectionable faith during the progress of these disturbances.

—Sixty of the Roman Catholic clergy of Madrid have left Rome and formed a new free church, and a priest in Estramadura has come out, bringing fourteen parishes with him. The infallibility question has helped on this movement. A priest in Madrid, of Jewish blood, has joined the Protestants, and is reported to be a very eloquent man. He went six weeks ago to Avila, a town where there is a seminary of Catholic priests, and his preaching drew such crowds that the theatres were shut up, except on Sunday, when some foolhardy player on the stage attempted to abuse the Protestants. He was immediately whistled and hooted by the audience, who insisted on his reappearance, to retract all he had said. The result is a new church in Avila.

—The receipts of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (*de propaganda fide*), for the year 1868, were 5,308,867 francs, equal to about $1,061,773. This sum, it is said, represents about half what the Romish Church expends yearly on its missions. The various Protestant missions show an aggregate of about 60,000,000 francs per year, equal to $10,000,000.

—Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburgh, in his annual address, strongly urges the wisdom of the free church system. Of the sixty regular parishes in his diocese, but one-fourth rent pews. In all the rest the seats are free, though the rector's salary in most of them is derived from subscriptions. Such pledges, the Bishop thinks, should always underlie and uphold the offertory as the channel of the parishioners' payment of their duty to the rector.

—The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., writing from Saratoga to the *Evangelist*, says: "Since going to Chester (near Lake George) for the summer, Dr. John Hall, of New York, has been very ill, but, yesterday, was mending steadily. There is a murderous design on the life of that noble man which ought to be exposed. The 'Adversary' is setting on a multitude of committees and churches to badger him with invitations and entreaties to do extra work, and by this pious sort of homicide the man is to be put out of the way. When they have done the job for him, it will be announced, in the usual devout formula, that 'by a most mysterious Providence the useful life of this eminent servant of God has been cut off.' The only way to outwit the devil is for Dr. Hall and some other overdriven men to learn that mighty monosyllable, No."

—The results of the meeting of thirteen Jewish rabbis at Cincinnati were, that from the prayer-book should be omitted all references to sacrifices, angels, resurrection from the dead, a return to Palestine and a personal Messiah; and that the remaining prayers should be in English and German and express the sentiments of modern Judaism; and that the Sabbath services shall under no considerations be transferred to Sunday. Dr. Einhorn, a Jewish rabbi and a strict observer of the Hebrew Sabbath, has instituted an additional weekly service on Sunday, where those may worship who are compelled to rest on that day, many of whom could not or would not visit the synagogue on a Saturday.

—The death of two active Bishops of the Methodist Church has left seven, of whom two are entirely disabled by infirmity. The number of Bishops is regulated in the Methodist Church by the necessities of the case, and there will doubtless be four new ones elected at the General Conference in May, 1872. The Methodist Bishop Morris says in a published letter: "My day of active service is past. I have not tried to preach for more than three years, being not only old and infirm, but also affected with paralysis. I shall never preach again; but if I can reach heaven at last, I ask no more."

—The recent action of the Southern Methodists in establishing a colored Methodist Episcopal Church South has led the colored members of the Northern Methodist Church in New Orleans to publish a circular reminding those who receive it that before Dr. Newman was sent to New Orleans the Southern Methodists controlled the negro population, but did not allow them to hold property, govern their own churches, or ordain their ministers. They were told that it was honor enough to be local preachers and stewards, and that no Bishop's hand would be laid in consecration on a woolly head. On Christmas Day, 1865, Bishop Thompson organized the Mississippi Mission Conference, including Louisiana, and ordained fourteen colored preachers, with the same rights as the whites. These churches have prospered, and they appeal to the colored people not to be enticed by the alluring words of the envious Southern Methodists.

—By a late rule no student can study in the General Theological Seminary of New York unless he is pledged to fit for the Episcopal ministry.

—The companies for the revision of the Bible in England have separated, to meet in October. The Board of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has not only refused the grant proposed in aid of the revision of the Bible, but has censured its standing committee for lending its rooms for the use of the revising body. The Bishop of Llandaff and his company were, therefore, compelled to meet elsewhere.

—Forty years ago a complete copy of the Old Testament could not be found in the city of Jerusalem. At the present time there are twenty-four Protestant schools in Palestine, in which 1,000 children are taught the Bible.

—The sixtieth anniversary of the ordination and installation of Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, as pastor of the Brick Church at New York, was observed on the 7th inst. Dr. Spring is now in his eighty-sixth year. He was born at Andover, Mass., in February 1785. After graduating at Yale College he entered upon the study of the law and was admitted to the bar. After practicing about a year he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and upon the completion of his studies he received a call to the Brick Church in New York, and was ordained and installed in August, 1810.

—The Universalist centenary work is prospering in all the States except Illinois. The amount proposed to be collected in New York for the Murray fund was $25,000; but $30,000 has been raised. This is exclusive of endowments for educational institutions in the State.

—The *Journal du Havre* makes the following remarks: "The Paris *Univers* declares that since we leave Rome the Almighty will abandon us. That journal doubtless forgets that Prussia is Protestant, and that the God of the Catholics would act with considerable levity if, for such a trifle as Rome, he was to range himself on the side of heretics. Only men, and those of limited intelligence, throw themselves into the water to avoid a few drops of rain."

—Church revivals are very lively all over the country. The Baptists seem to be ahead.

—A Methodist minister, of Lake County, Cal., is building a church with the assistance of one single man, who makes the mortar.

—Dr. Hepburn is still engaged on his translation of the Gospels into Japanese. He has completed the first two, and is now half way through Luke.

—The Polish Jew, Ephraim Schutzer, presented a sum of 15,000 gulden for the erection of a place of worship for the Polish Jews of Vienna, to which the representatives of the German Jews of the Austrian capital voted an additional sum of 5,000 gulden.

—A correspondent writes: "It is a strange fact that, of all the great Roman families, scarcely one has given a son to God in the present day, though scarcely a Catholic house of France, England, Poland, or Spain but is represented in the religious orders."

—Roumania now guarantees freedom of worship to all, Jews included. The different religious sects in Roumania are as follows: Four hundred thousand Jews have in Roumania 176 synagogues; 45,152 Catholics have 33 churches; 28,903 Protestants have 12 houses of worship; 8,178 Armenians (Gregorians), 11 churches.

—A Bishop of the English Church is said to be preparing an important work on the Roman Council.

—Rev. George I. King, D. D., of Jerseyville, Ill., has proposed, by a subscription of $1,000 to the memorial fund, to begin the work of raising $1,000,000 for church building (Presbyterian). His gift for this purpose is conditioned on the raising of 1,000 shares of $1,000 each. A share may be subscribed by an individual or by a congregation, or by a combination of two or more individuals or congregations.

—An Episcopal missionary in Minnesota reports that he has nine stations under his care, holds three services each Sunday, and five during the week, travels every six days fifty miles, and, with a horse and wagon, has a salary, all told, of $600. [illegible]

—The proposed Presbyterian College in Iowa seems to have got [illegible] [illegible] The "Faithful" [illegible] [illegible]

claim the right of annulling the location at Cedar Rapids; and, further, the subscription of $100,000, which secured it to Cedar Rapids, is said to be partly fictitious. The Lyons Female College, also under the control of Iowa Synod, is heavily in debt.

—The Congregational church in Baraboo, Wis., seventy members, has become Presbyterian, under the auspices of Rev. Smith Norton, who has been acting pastor for a year. On changing its policy, it immediately consolidated with the other Presbyterian church, which took possession of its new and commodious house of worship, and moved into it their bell and organ. Mr. Norton retires, and the Presbyterian pastor takes charge of the united church.

—The Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Colony is in trouble, having expelled four years ago, two rationalist members for heresy. The Colonial Court and Privy Council have ordered that they be reinstated. The Church Synod has avoided the matter till this year, but will be compelled next October to meet the question. Four-fifths of the members wish the rationalists out of the synod, but a majority may vote to receive them back under protest.

—There is a controversy among the Universalists over the administration of Lombard University, which paralyzes their effort for its endowment. One party clamors for the removal of Dr. Weston from the Presidency, but the Trustees express the highest confidence in him.

—Bishop Wood (Roman Catholic) dedicated a new church in Paterson, N. J., recently. It is said to be the finest church in that State. The estimated cost is $200,000.

—The Rev. Benjamin G. Paddock, of the Central New York Conference, has retired, after sixty years' preaching, and lives with his children at Metuchen, N. J.

—A new church has been organized in Southern Texas, under the leadership of a late Baptist minister. He denies several of the fundamental doctrines held by orthodox Baptists, and has carried away two or three "churches" after him.

—Protestantism appears to be spreading rapidly in Spain. Mr. Lawrence writes from Barcelona that thousands of copies of the Gospels have been sold there. In Figueras two priests purchased a parcel of bibles and testaments, and piled them up in the public square, poured a bottle of spirits of turpentine over them and set them on fire. A bystander rushed up and kicked the books apart and rescued some of them. One of them, a partially burned bible, is preserved as a memorial. Upward of a thousand copies were sold afterward in the place.

—The King of Sweden has vetoed the bill passed in the Swedish Chambers, establishing entire religious liberty throughout the kingdom.

—It is suggested that all the persons the late Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin, confirmed in the Episcopal Church contribute at least one dollar for the equipment of the church select school bearing his name, in Milwaukee.

—Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, deposes from the ministry, for causes not affecting their moral character, the Rev. Rowland H. Bourne and the Rev. John Cromlish. The latter is officiating as pastor of a Methodist Church at Huntington, Long Island.

—The numerous colony of Czechs, in St. Petersburg, have resolved to unite with the Greek Church if the infallibility dogma is adopted.

—The Brazilian Government has ordered that all cemeteries hereafter laid out shall reserve a corner for the burial of Protestants, unbaptized infants, suicides, and other infidels; also that, with the same object, a corner in the principal existing cemeteries shall be profaned or unblessed.

—During thirty-five years of the continuance of the Mercer Street (New York) Presbyterian Church the plate collections have amounted to $500,000, and the aggregate of its contributions has exceeded a million.

—At last we have some explanation of the discordance between the two votes of the Council on infallibility. On the 13th ult., 88 voted in the negative, and 62 the conditional affirmative "*juxta modum*." The Pope was astounded, and is said to have nearly fainted when the numbers were read. Cardinal Antonelli was not present. Cardinals Schwartzenberg, Rauscher, and Matthieu voted *Non placet*; while Guidi and Silvestre voted among the *juxta modum* party. The Archbishop of New York joined the majority. The Archbishop of Tuam (Dr. McHale) and Bishops Clifford and Errington gave a *Non placet*; while Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, voted *Placet juxta modum*. The English were pretty equally divided, and the greater proportion of the Irish were "conditionalists." A large proportion of the Orientals, to the general surprise, gave a *Non placet*. A list of the eighty-eight Bishops who voted directly against the infallibility dogma shows that twenty-five belong to America; and the same number to France, eleven to Germany, eight to the British Dominions, six to Italy, six to the Oriental rites of Turkey, and only four to the United States. Relatively the strongest opposition came from Germany, about one-half of all the Bishops voting in the negative. Austria and France also gave a strong negative vote, which, however, fell considerably short of one-half of the total Episcopal vote of those countries. Thus the new dogma has the majority of Bishops in every country except Germany. If, however, Hungary is considered independent of the remainder of Austria, its opposition is much more compact than even that of Germany.

—In Oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest. The child of a Catholic parent died there the other day, and, in the absence of the priest, Rev. Geo. W. Crofts, a Protestant Minister, officiated, by request, in the Catholic church, and pronounced a benediction at the grave. His services and remarks were very acceptable to the Catholic people.

—The 15th of August was celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church as the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven. For a very long period, the belief has prevailed in that Church that the body, as well as the soul, of the Mother of Christ was assumed or translated to Heaven. This, however, has never been an enjoined article of faith, although there is a probability that it will become one, just as the Immaculate Conception was at a comparatively recent date, made an article of faith. Question a Catholic divine on the subject, and he will merely tell you that very little is known of the earlier life of the Virgin Mary, except that she was a scion of the House of Judah; that she early consecrated herself to the service of God; that she was a constant attendant in the Temple, and that the purity of her life and devotion were honored by the announcement which the Angel Gabriel made to her relative to her becoming the mother of the Messiah. The negative evidence of her assumption, consisting in the fact that the final resting place of her remains was never known, is not much relied on in proof of her translation into Heaven. There is no positive evidence one way or the other; argument more than facts is relied on to establish the position. For example, it is held to be known that the bodies of certain favored servants of God were assumed into Heaven, and as the Mother of Our Saviour was infinitely more honored than they, on account of the extraordinary privilege accorded to her, it is urged that the Almighty would not allow her remains to decay in the ground like a common mortal. Although not an article of faith, it is more than probable that the subject of making it such has been debated in the Œcumenical Council, or privately by many of the attendant Bishops. The Council is not dissolved; it is only prorogued; so that, should it reassemble, the question mentioned may be mooted.

LITERATURE.

Miss Jean Ingelow's new long poem will appear in the early fall.

—The latest piece of literature collaboration is in the case of five Maine students who combined and wrote a dime novel.

—Walt Whitman is engaged upon more "Leaves of Grass."

—The Appletons paid $3,000 for "Lothair," and made money; and they gave $7,000 for "The Man Who Laughs," and lost money.

—Justin McCarthy's new story commences in the September "Galaxy." It is called "Lady Judith; a Story of Two Continents."

—Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the exhaustless proverbial philosopher, announces a "poem" of 400 lines, entitled "A Creed."

—Part of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist" was sold at auction, in London, a few weeks ago, and was bought by Mr. John Forster for fifty pounds.

—The Russian Government has just obtained, for 125 roubles, a manuscript of great value, if authentic, namely, the first copy of the Koran, drawn up by Caliph Omar. The purchase was effected through the Governor of Tackekend, in Central Asia.

—A Jersey poet has at last appeared. "The Captive," by Isaac N. Inman, is a gorgeous epic, or whatever else the reader may choose to term it. We have space for only the four opening lines:

In the rebellion of eighteen sixty-one—
A war in which example found a son;
A son that had birth though long before,
But now whose brightness made the world's obscure—

—In reply to a query, Mr. Dickens wrote as follows:

"Carlton House, New York, Feb. 15, 1842.
"My Dear Sir: Let me say, in answer to your note, that the wanderings, [illegible] and death of Nell [illegible] and [illegible]. That many of the feelings which grew out of this little history [illegible] are familiar to me I [illegible] scarcely say. The grave has closed over [illegible] strong hold of mine, [illegible] the truth. [illegible] I do not usually [illegible] questions, having this reference, so freely, [illegible] yours is an honest letter, I believe. Therefore, [illegible] an honest answer. Your friend,
"CHARLES DICKENS.
"Mr. I. STANLEY SMITH, Albany, N. Y."

—The *Catholic World* calls attention to the Italian poet Andreini, whose "Adam," a drama, the performance of which at Milan was witnessed by Milton, is supposed to have suggested to the latter his immortal epic "Paradise Lost." We have been greatly interested in the extracts given, with a metric translation, many of which instantly recall Milton's thoughts and words. Thus the following words of Satan:

"In deep abodes
Of gloom, and horror, and profound despair,
[illegible] are angels! but do we excel
All else, even as the haughty lord excels
The humble, groveling slave. If we unfold
Our wings so far from heaven, yet, yet remember
That we are birds, while others creep the earth!
That, losing to you heaven [illegible]
[illegible]
A regal throne [illegible]
Supported by high deeds, mocks at his fate
[illegible]
It is to live, though damned, in liberty,
Than subject to be blest."

Compare with this the celebrated lines of Milton:

"What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

—The New York *Review* insists that Poe wrote "The Raven," notwithstanding a man named Shaver says Samuel Fenwick wrote it. The *Review* revives its mind in this way: "This is but one of many instances of a [illegible] sort of fraud. [illegible] now rules in the [illegible] of Ohio, or the [illegible] Texas, and [illegible] taking Longfellow's [illegible] that Willis died of a broken heart [illegible] by remorse for having stolen 'Thanatopsis' from a [illegible] and sold it to William Cullen Bryant."

—The London Standard [illegible] Miss Whitney and Miss Abbott, whose books [illegible] [illegible]

ART.

Miss Belle Smith has been engaged to paint a portrait of the late E. M. Stanton. Price, $5,000.

—Rosa Bonheur is engaged in painting the portrait of the favorite dog of the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

—Mr. Holman Hunt is in the Holy Land, and has spent three weeks at Nazareth in studies for an important picture.

—William H. Beard has recently finished in crayon the title page and several humorous drawings for his forthcoming publication. Mr. Beard expects to complete the series, sixteen in number, in time for publication in December next.

—Constant Mayer, when in France last season, presented to the authorities of his native city, Besançon, his fine painting of an "Iroquois Woman," a figure by which he was represented at the Paris Exhibition in 1855. In acknowledgment of the gift Mr. Mayer has just received an engrossed copy of a series of complimentary resolutions, which were adopted by the City Council, and duly attested by M. Proudhon, Mayor, and other municipal officers.

—The London *Illustrated News* says Mr. Graham, Member of Parliament for Glasgow, has presented Mr. C. Lucy's large historical picture of "Sunday Afternoon at Hampton Court Palace, A. D. 1658," containing portraits of the Cromwell family and other celebrities of the Commonwealth, to his native city of Glasgow. The picture (which is one of the best and most important historical works of our day) is to be placed in the new public gallery of the town as a nucleus of a collection of works of art.

—Owing to the disturbed state of the continent, it has been decided to postpone the proposed exhibition of the works of Hans Holbein, the younger, at Dresden, till next year. Queen Victoria had promised to contribute a number of original paintings and drawings from the collection at Windsor Castle, and other possessors of genuine works of Holbein in England had also signified their willingness to lend them. It is hoped that the delay will result in the formation of a much more important series of works than would have been possible had the undertaking been carried out as proposed. A committee will, at the proper time, be formed in London to co-operate with the promoters of the exhibition in Germany.

—A monument to Kepler has been erected at Weildstadt, in Suabia. It is a statue standing on a base adorned with bass-reliefs. In the astronomer's left hand is a parchment, on which an eclipse is drawn, and in his right is a pair of compasses. The bass reliefs present scenes from Kepler's life. The monument is the work of a sculptor of Nuremberg, named Kreling.

—Cardinal Antonelli has repeatedly refused artists permission to model his bust, as he had no time to give them sittings. But Vinnie Ream asked him, and he said: "An exception should be made in your favor. You are a child of the American Government, a government I respect and admire. Its Congress has commissioned you to make the statue of Mr. Lincoln, a man for whom I had a great regard. I cannot refuse you." He is described as a small man, and like Liszt, a handsome, homely one. He looks about 55; has the most brilliant and beautiful eye ever set in human head. His face ripples most pleasantly with expression; his manners are simple, but very courtly, and so fascinating as those of a charming woman. There is a little consciousness about him, but it is not offensive.

—The Boston *Advertiser* says: "Mr. Bierstadt's painting of 'The Emerald Pool' is on exhibition at Mr. Childs' art gallery. The new picture is remarkable for many reasons, but for none more than the comparative freedom from those mannerisms which we had come to consider as nearly inseparable from Mr. Bierstadt's work. It lacks almost entirely that melo-dramatic, theatrical, scenic style of treatment with which the great artist's later productions have been so seriously marred; and much of it may be commended for positive simplicity and directness of method. The view of Mount Washington in the distance recalls some of the artist's distinctive and peculiar fondness for pearliness and mistiness in his mountain outlines; but the effect in this instance seems to be truthful, and in harmony with the whole sentiment of the work. The point of view selected is directly in front of the Emerald Pool, below the Glen House,—the dark green water of the little lake, margined with moss-grown rocks, upon the right, forming the foreground, while, on the left, the native forest, with its 'consequent' undergrowth,—if we may borrow a word from Virgil,—stretches into the distance; and, in the centre, the peak of Mount Washington, crowning the great ravine of Tuckerman, rises, seen through an open space where a swift little stream makes for itself a channel as it descends to feed the pool. The time of the picture is middle autumn, and the brown and gold of the birch, the golden yellow of the hickory, and the sombre green of the pine combine with the scarlet berries and crimson woodflowers, to make a picture full of brilliant but not extravagant color. We regret, however, that we must go on and say that the picture as a whole seems to us unsuggestive; it lacks to us that narrative something which distinguished the work of the great artist from the skillful painter. Probably in the fatal word by which we should sum up its defects."

—Constant Mayer has just finished a crayon drawing illustrating a passage from Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!"

The picture presents a view of an attic room at the hour of daybreak. A sewing woman is seated by a table, and, at the moment, has paused from her yet unfinished work, which rests upon her lap. On the table is a candlestick with the last remains of a candle flickering in its socket. Through the window the pale gray light of early morning is dissipating the gloom of night, and within, about the attic, all is in connection with the figure to the sentiment expressed in the poem:

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
[illegible]
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!"

An American Divorce Not Recognized in England.

From the London Times.

Court of Probate and Divorce, July 25.—Before Lord Penzance—Shaw vs. The Attorney-General.—The petitioner prayed for a decree under the Legitimacy Declaration act that the marriage with William Shaw was valid. She had previously married one William Suthers, an Englishman, in England, and had lived with him in England. She afterward went to America, and lived apart from him in that country for two years and a half, and obtained a decree from a court in Iowa dissolving her marriage with him on the ground of his adultery, coupled with desertion. Suthers had never abandoned his English domicile, and was alive when the petitioner married Shaw. The question therefore arose whether this court could recognize as valid the American divorce of the English marriage.

The case was argued by Dr. Deane, Q. C., and Dr. Swabey for the petitioner; and by the Solicitor General and Mr. Bourke for the Attorney-General.

His Lordship this morning delivered judgment as follows: "The principles upon which the question here raised must be decided, have been so recently discussed in several cases in the Court of Ultimate Appeal that it is not necessary to enter upon the discussion at large on the present occasion. It may be sufficient to observe, firstly, that 'Lolly's case' has never been overruled; secondly, that in no case has a foreign divorce been held to invalidate an English marriage between English subjects where the parties were not domiciled in the country by the tribunal of which the divorce was granted. Whether if so domiciled, the English courts would recognize and act wholly free from doubt; but the better opinion seems to be that they would do so, if the divorce be for a ground of divorce recognized as such in this country, and the foreign court try be not resorted to for the collusive purpose of calling in the aid of its tribunals. To my own mind it is manifestly just and expedient that those who may have permanently taken up their abode in a foreign country, resigning their English domicile, should, in contemplation of English laws, be permitted to resort with effect to the tribunal exercising jurisdiction over the new community of which, by their change of domicile, they have become a part, rather than that they should be forced back for relief upon the tribunal of the country they have abandoned. But the inquiry is needless in this case, because it seems to me to be neither just nor expedient that a woman, whose domicile is English, should, while living separate from him in a foreign country, obtain [illegible] [illegible] to the time of the divorce he had lost, be permitted to resort to the foreign tribunal, and without any notice to her husband except an advertisement which he never saw, and was never likely to see, obtain a divorce against him behind his back. No case has ever yet decided that a man could, according to the law of this country, be divorced from his wife by the tribunals of a country in which he had neither domicile nor residence. He has never submitted himself, either directly or inferentially, to the jurisdiction of such a court, and he has never, by any act of his own, laid himself open to be affected by its process, if it ever reaches him. A judgment so obtained has, therefore, in addition to the want of jurisdiction, the incurable vice of being contrary to natural justice, because the proceedings are *ex parte* and in the absence of the party affected by them. It follows that the marriage upon which the petitioner founds her claim to a decree is invalid, and the petition must be dismissed."

A "Big Yarn" About Snakes.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Chronicle* says:

"Abijah C——, a very worthy old man, and one of the early pioneers of Southern Ohio, when relating some of the adventures of his early pioneer life to a circle of eager listeners (for all who knew him love to hear the old man talk), often gave off some rather tough [illegible] One he was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for its [illegible] I will give it as nearly as possible in his own language:

"'Forty years ago [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I'm going to tell you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] adventures in Illinois.

"'It is now nigh on to forty years ago, when I went out there to take a look at the country, and select a good piece of land for myself. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHICAGO RIVER.

For The Chicago Tribune.

The poets far and near do write
Of limpid streams and purling brooks,
Of waters which, like mirrors bright,
Reflect just how a fellow looks;
But tell me, who on earth can ever
Do justice to Chicago River?

Sweet odors come to every nose,
From orchards all in bloom;
Night-blooming Cereus some suppose
A good kind of perfume;
But, reader, smells like these would never
Remind you of Chicago River.

Within its dark and placid tide,
The city's drainage flows;
There endless cats and dogs abide,
In undisturbed repose.
Ah, friend; we shall do well to shiver
At death's work in Chicago River.

To distant peoples who would come
To do the boundless West,
Make up your minds, ere leaving home,
To meet one awful test.
Fear not the rattlesnakes and fever;
Beware of the Chicago River.

Oh! men who know how things are done,
Don't rest by night or day,
Until you've made this stream to run
Its nasty length away.
Nobody wants to have death's sliver
Right here in our Chicago River.

The famous city of Cologne,
Has smells seventy-two—
Each one so marked it stands alone,
To its own fragrance true.
Oh, rates! we beg you to be clever,
And from another smell deliver
While we endure Chicago River.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17. C. E. N.

HAVING COMPANY.

For the Chicago Tribune.

"Once upon a time," when our forefathers were badly used, they petitioned and remonstrated, and, finding that didn't do, they took matters into their own hands, and—well, we know what came of it. Knowing this, it might be expected that the descendants of those gritty forefathers should seek redress from ills which are unbearable.

I suppose this, of which I am about to speak, would be called a petty annoyance. But isn't a toothache a very vexatious ache, though people do say it never killed anybody? Even this is not so very bad; it ceases, sometimes, for weeks together. Besides, we can rid ourselves of ache and tooth without pain. It is so different concerning uninvited company. From all points of the compass, and at all times of the day and night, they come—people of whom you may or may not have heard; people whom you may have seen once, but whom you never expected or hoped to see again; people whom you never saw, whose acquaintance you could do without, and still be a happy and useful member of society.

You have been ill, perhaps; and, now that you are convalescent, you creep about your house, which has a general sticky and fuzzy appearance far from pleasant. You find your blue scarf, a tallow candle, your chignon, and a piece of stovepipe, under the bed, beside a can of fruit, six bars of soap, and half a pound of tea hid away in the meat-chest, and you know what for. The hydrant is leaking into the cellar; the gas is escaping; there is a hole burned in your best counterpane; and you can't find Harry's white vest anywhere. You're a little discouraged, and very tired. You suppose you mustn't worry, or you'll be sick again. Here some one rings the bell. In a minute Bridget ushers in a tall, sandy-haired individual, and a boy too much like the man. You dimly remember to have seen the former in the gallery of an old-fashioned church, and that he once walked home with you from singing-school. You remember that he was singing-master and chorister at M——. But why does he intrude himself upon you now? You never did him any harm. You think of a great many things which wouldn't be at all proper to say; but you resist temptation, with hands clenched and teeth slightly grating. The man is simply disagreeable; the boy is dreadful. He climbs into chairs and handles all the ornaments he can reach, breaks the nose of your Apollo, shivers a costly vase to atoms, and breaks off the veneering from your rosewood sofa.

An hour passes, and the bell rings again. Enter Julia and two children. You know Julia, though you haven't seen her these ten years. She used to sit at the same desk with you in school, and was one of those good-natured creatures that love everybody. She tells you she is going to stop with you a week or two, until her husband comes from New York. She gives you a tedious account of herself and the children, and says the latter are very uncommon. You have found it so when you see them determined to mount the dining-table and help themselves to jelly; when they persist in frightening your canary into convulsions; and fall, the one into the cistern, the other out of a chamber window, without injuring anything but your nerves and your beautiful climbing roses.

Before noon you have a high fever, and Julia thinks you look better than when she came. You say nothing, but think you shall die, and you don't much care if you do.

Again the bell rings. A young lady and her poodle claim your attention this time. Now, a woman with a lap-dog in her arms is always a painful sight to you. You pity them—especially the dog. In a voice of commiseration you give the two feeble-minded creatures a faint welcome, and wonder what will come next. In less than ten minutes, Julia's children and that odious boy have a fight about the dog, and the boy is no sooner victorious than he pinches his victim's tail and treads upon his paws, but elicits only a mournful little whine; then, in the vain hope to make him howl, he [illegible] on one cheek, when the weak-minded little animal almost turns to the other, but, thinking better of it, takes out of the door and rolls down the steps under the very nose of a passing mastiff, that picks him up and nearly shakes the life out of him. The boy is delighted. The children shriek. The young lady goes first into a fainting fit, then into hysterics. Julia says, "Come here, dears;" but the more she calls the darlings, the more they shriek and won't come. By the time the young lady and animal are restored, you feel very strangely. It seems as though a big tumble-bee and a piece of chain-lightning had got into your head, and couldn't get out. But you live through the day somehow; and, the next, the singer and dog depart—only Julia and the children are left; and you are thankful it is no worse, until the next morning, when a lady (?) who knows a woman, who knows another woman, who is acquainted with an aunt of yours, comes to spend the day. Then you give up, go to bed, and send for the doctor. When he comes you don't know him; and when Harry sits down on the side of the bed, and talks to you, you don't understand a word he says. You seem to have a poor time housekeeping. You fancy that your parlor is full of company, and that uncommon children are incessantly tumbling down the chimney into the grate; that there are four red-haired boys in the well, and that a policeman around the corner suspects you pushed them in. The policeman has a star on his breast as big as a milk-pan; and, when you try to run away and hide, it flashes out and reveals your whereabouts. You don't know whether you are guilty or not, but you feel horribly, and all because of those thoughtless, ignorant, or selfish people who are nothing whatever to you.

Perhaps you haven't been ill—only so very busy that you have scarcely taken a long breath since last winter. You haven't had time to read the newspapers; much less to finish the last volume of Froude's History. [illegible] you're going to now, come what will. [illegible] for half an hour, then say to yourself, "As long as there are books like this, I'll [illegible] them, in spite of skirts or dresses, [illegible]" There goes that bell again? You [illegible] no one has come, until in walks old [illegible] Comstock, who lives in your native [illegible]. She is a noted gossip, whom you always shunned as much as possible; but here she is, and "proper glad to see you," she says. She stays that day, and the next; talks [illegible] for the most part; and it seems to do her [illegible] like a medicine. When she is gone, you [illegible] "There is no fear of interruption [illegible], for everybody has come and gone." How [illegible] you? There are the Skimpoles, who [illegible] before you have read half a chapter; [illegible] there they sit complacently in your [illegible] parlors, when they know you are particularly [illegible] yourself in the kitchen, while you help [illegible] get something to eat. Then you forget your friends from Milwaukee, St. Joseph, [illegible] Louis, and other suburban towns, who [illegible] and insist upon your going a shopping [illegible] them, mornings, and attending matinees, [illegible] evenings, never thinking of the precious [illegible] you will waste, nor that the entertainments, so delightful to them, must be [illegible] stale to you, who have witnessed the plays ninety-nine times, on [illegible] occasions. [illegible] there are the people who visit you to [illegible] expense. About these, let me caution [illegible]. Look out for your silver. Hide your [illegible]. Lock up Harry's old love-letters, and [illegible] the key, for the man or woman who [illegible] to your house to save a hotel bill, "is [illegible] treason, stratagems, and spoils."

[illegible]

with the breath of flowers. There, too, is music; for the lark rises up betimes in the morning, and sings for very gladness; and, when she is silent, the thrush begins his song, that does not end till evening. As we thought of all this, we could hardly wait to pack our trunk. But something happened, and we were obliged to stay in the hot and dusty city. Now that we consider the matter, we are aware that Aunt Lucy, who presides over the farm-house, has her hands full from June till October. There are butter and cheese to make; three meals and two lunches a day to provide. Every Monday, the back-yard is full of washing; and the ironings are awful. We know that those delicious 9 o'clock breakfasts, including so many things that begin with cream, are extras; that, "When ma has company," Georgie, Hattie, and Charlie must have fresh suits every day, and be turned out of their favorite play place, under the big chestnut tree, because it is near the spare bed-room; and that the maid-of-all-work wishes sisters in Halifax, or some place not so salubrious, and gives warning. Then, if Aunt Lucy finds time to sit out on the porch with us, when the toils of the day are over, it is likely she will answer our questions at random, while wondering how she ever could have thought life so very sweet. To her, it seemed scarcely worth having, before harvest time; and now, well, "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

Should we feel that we must have comfort and amusement next summer, let's go a fishing, somewhere off the coast of Greenland, or find the "Northwest Passage," and make ourselves famous. But don't let us inflict ourselves upon Aunt Lucy. When she wants to see us she can write. INO.

SARATOGA.

Toilets at a Ball.

At a recent ball at the grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, the following were among the toilets worn:

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, was attired in a rich pearl-colored silk, full court train, cut in points and bound with cherry satin; the front of the skirt was elaborately trimmed with pipings of pearl satin and cherry velvet. Low corsage and short sleeves. Rich lace shawl and full set of rare diamonds.

Mrs. J. B. Jones, of New York, was dressed in a pink silk, train skirt, overdress and overskirt of Valenciennes. Low corsage and short sleeves of pink silk, and high corsage and long sleeves of Valenciennes. Pearl ornaments.

Mrs. N. H. Decker, of New York, wore a blue and white striped silk, *en train*, overskirt and panier of Valenciennes. High corsage and long sleeves. Valenciennes berthe. Sash of blue and white stripes. Very rich coral set—necklace, earrings, and pin.

Miss Hilton, of New York, was dressed in blue silk, full train, having one deep flounce headed with a pleating of the silk; "shoo fly" overskirt trimmed with a pointed ruche; heart-shaped corsage; Marie Louise sleeves; the corsage and sleeves trimmed to match overskirt. Beautiful pearl set.

Miss Josie Hilton, of New York, wore a green pearl silk, full train, having a deep flounce headed by a ruche of ravelled silk; "shoo fly" overskirt trimmed with a ravelled ruche; corsage and sleeves the same as her sister, trimmed with ruches of ravelled silk. Heavy gold set, pin, earrings, and necklace.

Miss Livermore, of New York, was attired in a fine striped blue and white silk, train skirt cut in points and bound with dark blue silk; Valenciennes overskirt; high corsage, and Marie Louise sleeves trimmed with a ravelled ruche of dark blue silk.

Mrs. Harry T. Cutter, of Philadelphia (nee Miss Ryland, of New York), wore a heavy gros-grain black silk, full court train, trimmed with one deep flounce, headed with a standing ruffle of pink satin; short skirt trimmed with three rows of the silk cut in points, bound with pink satin and headed with two rows of pink satin ribbon; panier of the black silk, cut in points and bound with pink satin; square corsage trimmed with pipings of pink satin and square white lace. Marie Louise sleeves. Full set of very rich diamonds, cluster pin, cross, ear-rings, and a pair of bracelets.

Miss Striker, of New York, wore a rich rose-colored silk, train skirt, having a row of beautiful blonde lace, headed with a pleating of tulle, caught with bunches of white daisies and rosebuds; overskirt of the silk, trimmed to match the train; low corsage, trimmed with a fall of lace; short sleeves of the silk, trimmed with lace.

Mrs. Chamberlain, of New York, a blonde, was dressed in a light blue gros grain silk, court train, having one flounce headed with box-pleating of silk, each box pleat studded with a pearl shell; front breadth trimmed with the rows of box pleating set with shells; square corsage trimmed with pleatings of the silk and point lace; long sleeves trimmed to match; pearl set.

Mrs. Wm. H. Drew, of New York, wore a rich salmon-colored silk, full train, having a deep flounce headed with a row of black lace and inserting; black lace overskirt caught up *en panier* with salmon-colored bows; square corsage trimmed with pipings of satin and black lace; Marie Louise sleeves; sash to match dress; diamonds.

Miss Ganung, of New York, was dressed in a beautiful Sultana silk, full train, shoo fly overskirt, trimmed with heavy fringe; point lace berthe, tied at the back, forming a sash; Josephine sleeves.

Mrs. McCauley, of New York, was dressed in white Swiss, demi-train, trimmed with four rows of fluting around the skirt, and the front breadths fluted to the waist; overskirt and panier of the Swiss; high corsage and long sleeves, elaborately trimmed with fluting; blue sash.

John Randolph.

Professor Parsons, of Reading, is credited by the Philadelphia *Bulletin* with the following novel reminiscences of John Randolph:

There is no doubt but that he was descended from Pocahontas. He was proud of this. No stranger could be in his company one hour and remain ignorant of it. He was sure to bring it in in conversation some way. He felt that old Powhatan was the lord of all Virginia, and when he died he left his regal rights to his daughter, and when she died they descended to him, and that he was king of the whole land. There was a "screw loose" somewhere in his mental composition. So long ago as when the first steamboat was put upon the Hudson there was not business enough to keep it employed every day, so frequently it would take excursion parties up the river. On one occasion, quite a large party were on board, among them Randolph and a Mr. Schuyler, who was a very modest, shy man, respected by all. While the boat was going on its way, Randolph started up, went a few paces from a party of ladies, and shouted out, "Mr. Schuyler! Mr. Schuyler! will you do me the favor to come here?" Mr. Schuyler left the party and approached him. "Mr. Schuyler, look here"—placing his hand on his ear—"what do you see?" "Nothing," replied Schuyler. "Look at that ear—what do you see?" "Simply an ear." "Don't you see Pocahontas there?" In order for Schuyler to get away he finally said, "I think I do see a little of it." Mr. Schuyler related this to Parsons. It is believed that the aboriginal descendants of the country left a peculiar mark upon the lobe of the ear, which always marked such persons. He made a visit to England and behaved quite strangely while there. The English were at a loss to account for his eccentricities. They ascribed them to three things—first, that he drank upon the sly, or was all the time tipsy; or that he was insane; thirdly, that it was due to American peculiarities. Our narrator was told this by an Englishman, when he remarked he preferred not to have him think it the latter of the three. Pocahontas married Rolfe—which is the same word as Randolph. Randolph's grandfather had a perfect right of Rolfe's if he chose it. While in London he saw fit to dress in the Randolph clad; he carried sword, pistols, and dirk; had his leg bare to the knee, just like an old Scot. Once, at a theatre, two young men, from his strange dress and other cause, smiled at him. He turned to them and said, "Let him who smiles at tartan beware of the dirk," at the same time flourishing his dirk.

The Washington official became tired of him. They feared him, and in order to get rid of him, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. He refused to accept, unless permission was given him to spend some time in Italy for his health. This was granted, as would anything to have got rid of him. He went to Italy, stayed some time there; went to Russia and remained one month; then went to England and made quite a long stay before returning home.

The reason why he left Russia was this: While he was there, and before he had been presented to the Emperor, some one undertook to teach him the presentation etiquette of the court. It was very simple. The Minister was to enter the door and bow, at the middle of the room bow again, approach the Emperor and bow, and then the Emperor would meet him and enter into conversation. He was indignant at the idea of anyone attempting to teach him, and said: "Don't you think I know how without you showing me?" The day for the presentation approached. He entered the room and bowed very low—came to the middle of the room, stopped, and again bowed—he then came nearer, took off one gauntlet and threw it on one side of the Emperor, and then the other on the other side of the Emperor—then he pitched his hat off in front, threw off his mantle, threw off his sword and fell on his knees. The Emperor was perfectly astonished, but being a well-educated man, knew how to act under such circumstances. So he approached, lifted him up and conversed with him. His reception did not come up to his ideas, so, being disgusted with Russia, he left in a month.

He had unbounded admiration of Marshall, who was the only man who could at all control him. When Marshall was 74 he was in the convention, and an attack was made upon the judiciary. He made his greatest efforts in his defense, and triumphantly saved it. Randolph, speaking of this speech, said: "It was a Gibraltar, and every answer was a pistol shot against the solid rock." Randolph died of consumption. It is said that when he was lingering—after he could not speak a word—that he wrote upon a card: "Remorse!" The idea has generally gotten abroad. The truth, however, is that he was attended during his illness by a man by the name of R. Morse, and he, for some purpose, wrote his name.

He was a man of immense knowledge, especially of little things not generally known by other people. He once said he could bound every county in England, tell all of its towns, in what part of the country they were, name the course of every river, and the counties through which it flowed.

Our narrator dined one day with Mr. Otis. It was past the hour named. All the company had arrived; still dinner was kept waiting—waiting for Randolph. In he came, about a half hour after the time. Dress in those days was peculiar; no one thought of going to a dinner-party with the clothes he wore every day. He came in with his buckskin pantaloons all spattered with mud; had on his top boots; still retained his hat; had his riding-whip in his hand. He made no apology to Mrs. Otis—merely said: "As it was a pleasant day he had lengthened his ride." He sat at Mrs. Otis' right, while our narrator sat to the right of Mr. Otis, at the other end of the table. During the dinner he called out to our narrator in a loud voice: "Mr. P——! Mr. P——!" "Sir!" Mr. P—— replied. "Was it ignorance on the part of your forefathers, or what was it, that led them to put Norfolk south of Suffolk?" In England, Norfolk is where the north folk live, and Suffolk where the south folk live. [illegible]

THE RHINE GUARD.

There swells a cry as thunders crash,
As clash of swords and breakers dash—
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,
Who will protect thee, river mine?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

Two millions, swiftly came the cry,
And lightnings flashed from every eye;
Our youth so good and brave will stand
And guard thee, Holy Border Land.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

And though my heart should beat no more,
No foreign foe will hold thy shore;
Rich, as in water is thy flood,
Is Germany in hero blood.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

Up looked he to the heaven's blue,
Where hero-dead our actions view;
He swore, and proudly sought the strife,
"The Rhine is German as my life."
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

While yet one drop of blood throbs warm,
To wield the sword remains one arm,
To hold the rifle yet one hand,
No foe can step upon thy strand.
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

The oath resounds, the billows run,
Our colors flutter in the sun:
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,
We will protect thee, river mine!
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

UNDER THE SEA.

They were scrambling down the rocks, a gay, chattering procession—pretty Kate with her captain; Dr. Gray supporting his invalid wife; Helen, Isabel, Tom, and their midshipman cousin; last of all, Esther Vane—alone. It seemed to her morbid fancy right, that it should be so. Henceforth she must be alone—always.

The little guide trotted on in advance—his round ten-year old face wearing the vacant look so strangely common to that part of the Maine coast with its glorious scenery. There the ocean is considered simply a vast depot of herrings and "porgy oil," and the mountains as untoward obstacles in the way of primitive husbandry. "Blast 'em, I wish they was flat," the natives say, as their plow encounters the boulders at the base, and if they look aloft at all, it is to calculate the perches of "medder land," which might be made to occupy the same area, if they were out of the way.

The party felt on the eve of great things. Having arrived only the day before, Mount Newport, with its wonderful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the lakes, in their setting of dark blue hills, were still to them the images of things not seen. This, their first excursion, they had dedicated to the "Grotto," or "Devil's Oven," as the coast people term it—a sort of submarine cave, unveiled and accessible at low tide only, and a great wonder in its way.

The path grew steeper. Carefully they followed its windings, step by step, surefooted Kate accepting the help she didn't need, for that pleasure in being guided and watched. And now the little guide pauses, and with a freckled forefinger points round a projection of rocks. All crowd to the spot. Ah! there it is. The cave of the mermaids. A shriek of mingled surprise and enchantment bursts from the party at the sight.

Beneath the low-browed arch the rocky floor rises, terrace after terrace, till in its highest recess it meets the roof above. A floor for the nereids to dance upon; a floor of pink caroline, gleaming here and there through pools of emerald water left by the retreating tide. And each of these tiny lakelets seemed brimming with flowers—the flowers of ocean—green whorls, like chestnut flowers; anemones with their dahlia bloom; brown and rosy mosses, among whose tendrils bright fish darted and played, and snails of vivid orange clustered; broad leaves of brilliant dye swaying and undulating with the motion of the pool, minute specks of life flashing every iridescent hue. No earthly garden was ever so gorgeous. The rocky shelves were dimpled with hollows—softly, exquisitely curved. No fancy of the old classic days seemed too fantastic or too fair for the spot. The imagination instinctively kindled into pictures, and saw the sea nymphs sporting in the foam; bold tritons winding their shell; mermaids playing at hide and seek; and mocking water sprites peeping from the basins—all dream land and wonder land opening, and the common earth put aside and far away.

With cries of delight the party made their way down and scattered through the cave. There was room for an army. It was hard to realize that with the returning tide the space must fill, the gateway close, and leave no resting place for a human foot.

"You said the tide was going down, didn't you, little boy?"

"Ye-ah."

"You're sure?"

"Ye-ah."

"That's nice," cried Isabel. "Then we can stay as long as we like. Oh! do somebody come here and see this."

She was lying with her face almost touching the anemones. Nobody responded to her call—each had found some other point of interest. Tom had fished up a sea-urchin and was exhibiting it. Kate and their captain, in a niche of their own, at a safe whispering distance, were absorbed in each other. Esther had climbed to the topmost ledge, and was sitting there alone. For the first time in six weary months a sensation of pleasure had come to her, and she was conscious of but one longing—that they would all go away and leave her to realize it. With some vague hope she got out her color box and portfolio, and began to sketch. At least it kept people off, and furnished an excuse for silence.

And so an hour or more passed by. She heard, as in a dream, the chatter of the others, their questions to the little guide, his short, jerky replies. The pools were all explored; the urchins and anemones had been tickled with parasols, and made to shut and open and shut again; the young people began to sigh for further worlds to conquer, and Mrs. Gray to consider it very damp.

"Little boy, isn't there something else near by which we should like to see?"

"Guess so."

"Well, what is it? Tell us, please."

"There's the Heads, I guess."

"Oh! how far off is that? A mile, did you say? That's not far. Papa, the boy says there's a place called the Heads, only a mile away, and we want to go and see it. Can't we go? You know the way; don't you, little boy?"

"Ye-ah."

"I think this place is very damp, sighed Mrs. Gray. I should really be glad to go somewhere and see the sunshine again. I begin to have the creeping chills. Suppose we let the boy show us the way to this other place, father."

"Very well. Get your things together, girls. Come Esther, we're going."

Esther roused herself as from a dream.

"O, Mr. Gray! must I go? I'm in the middle of a sketch, you see. Couldn't you leave me here quietly; and pick me up as you come back? I should like it so much."

"Well—I don't know. The tide is going out the boy says; there won't be any trouble of that kind. Are you sure you won't be chilled or lonely?"

"O! quite sure."

"Promise me that if you are, you will go to the cottage at the bend and warm yourself, or sit on the rocks in the sun. We'll look for you in one place or the other. Good bye, my dear."

"Good bye, sir."

"And, O, Esther! you must have some lunch. You will be starved before we come back," cried careful Helen.

So she and Tom and the basket made their way upward, and a deposit of sandwiches and port wine was left in a convenient crevice within reach.

"Good bye dear, I hope the sketch will be lovely." And they were gone—up the cliff side—Mrs. Gray last, leaning upon her husband's arm.

"Poor child," she said. "It makes my heart ache to see her look so sad. Didn't you notice how she was longing to have us go, and to be alone?"

"And the very worst thing for her. She needs rousing, and all this morbid thinking does her harm."

The voices died away. Esther caught the words, and she smiled at them—a little smile. That was what all of them said since her trouble came. She must be roused—amused—and they had crowded business and pleasure upon her until she sometimes felt that she could bear it no longer. This was the first time in many weeks that she had felt really free—free to be silent, to look sad, to cry, if she wished. What a luxury it was! No anxious-eyed mother—these comparative strangers withdrawn—this cool, darkling silence—it was delicious! There was something in the very nature of her trial, which made it necessary to veil her grief with reserve. A black dress she might wear—Paul was a cousin, and some show of mourning is allowed for second cousinhood even, and for intimate friendship such as theirs had been. But no one knew of the avowed engagement which had bound them since that hurried farewell letter in which his love found utterance, and which only reached her after he sailed—the sailing from which there was to be no return. No one knew, as they talked compassionately of her having had a dreadful shock, poor girl—her own cousin, you know, and such a fine young fellow—that her heart was wearing widow's weeds, and mourning its dead as the great loss of life. It wouldn't bear talking about. She had kept silence, and tried to wear a brave face.

At first there had been a little hope as rumors came of one boat load escaping from the midnight collision; but that was over now, and the terrible suspense of hope was over, and everything had faded into a sort of gray acceptance of sorrow. The light had gone out.

Left alone, she found, with some surprise, that she didn't want to cry. All the morning she had felt that to creep away somewhere and weep, and weep her heart out, would be so good; but tears are contrary things. She sat dogged, with a calm that was almost like content. She was thinking of the time when Paul had visited the island and talked about that very cave. On the very rock itself where she sat he might perhaps have stood. She liked to think so. It brought him nearer.

She put her sketch away a little after, and crept down to a broad ledge, where, through the arch, the exquisite sky-line was visible. The surf tumbled, and chimed like distant bells. She lay as if fascinated, her eyes fixed upon the shining horizon. Somewhere far beyond it was the spot where the good ship which held her all went down. Down where? Her imagination ran riot. Cleaving the liquid depths of the inmost sanctuary of ocean, she saw the golden sands, the shadowy green light percolating through miles of water—the everlasting repose which reigned there beyond the reach of storm, wind, or hurricane. She tried to fix the wandering images, and to think of it as a heaven no less tranquil than the quiet mounds under which are pillowed beloved heads on earth. But it would not stay. Thoughts of tempest and fury, of chill, piping winds whipping the foam from the waves, of roar and tumult, and a heavy wilderness of dark waters, came over her, and through all the refrain of Jean Ingelow's pathetic strain mingled and blended:

"And shall I see no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up its dead."

Great drops forced themselves beneath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed: "O, Paul, Paul! how can I bear it?"

And then the thought, as she had thought before, how glad she would be to die! [illegible]

[illegible] awoke with a sensation of intense cold. The spell of slumber was so strong upon her that for a moment she did not realize what had taken place. The cave was half full of water. Her feet and the hem of her dress were already wet, and the roar of the waves beneath the hardly distinguishable archway told that the tide had surprised another victim, and already the avenue of escape was barred.

Was this the answer to some unspoken prayer?

The thought flashed over her. Had she really prayed for death? Here it was, close at hand, and she was conscious of no goodness—only an intense instinctive desire for life. It was too dreadful to be drowned in that hole, and washed away like a weed. Life was worth living after all.

Had somebody said, or was she dreaming, that a portion of the cave was left uncovered by the water? She could not remember but now she searched about for some indication. Ah! surely this was one—a cork, a scrap of paper, lodged on the highest shelf—fragile things which the tide must inevitably have washed away. With an instinct of propriety which survives shipwreck and fire, she collected her drawing materials and other little belongings, and retreated with them to this possible place of refuge, wrapped her cloak about her, and with folded hands sat down to await her fate.

The cave was full of pale green light. It was beautiful to see, as the advancing flow rose ledge over ledge and flooded the fairy pools, how each star flower and sea-urchin, each crimson and golden weed, trembled and quivered, as with delight at its refreshing touch. Each anemone threw wide its petals and expanded into full blossom to meet the spray baptism. No mortal eye ever looked upon a sight more charming, but its beauty was lost to the shivering and terrified girl.

The doorway had quite disappeared. Sharp spray dashed against her dress. The drops struck her face. She shrank and clung more tightly to the rock. A prayer rose to her lips; and through the tremulous light of the submerged archway a strange shadow began to go and come, to move and pause, and move again. Was it fish, or weed, or some mysterious presence? Did it come accompanied by life or death?

Meantime upon the rocks above a distracted group were collected. The party had gaily come back from the Heads. Dr. Gray, ignorant landsman as he was, had grown uneasy and hurried them away. Arrived at the grotto, the full extent of the calamity was at once evident. The boy had mistaken the tide flow for ebb—and the only hope left was that Esther, discovering her danger in time, had taken refuge at the cottage near by. Thither they flew to search, but, as we know, in vain.

The sobbing girls hung distractedly over the cliff, listening to the hollow boom with which the waves swung into the cavern below—sickening to think of the awful something that might any moment wash outward on the returning billow. The gentlemen went for assistance, and brought a couple of stout fishermen to the spot. But what could anybody do?

"If the young woman has sense enough to climb up the right hand corner and sit still, it won't hurt her none, perhaps," one of them said. "Not more nor two tides a year gets up there."

Ah! if Esther could only be told that! They could but trust powerlessly to her steadiness of nerve and common sense.

"She's such a wise thing," Helen sobbed out. So they waited.

A rattle of wheels came from the road. They all turned to look, and some one said: "Perhaps it's a doctor!" Though what earthly use a doctor could have been would be hard to say.

A figure was coming rapidly up the path—a young man. Nobody recognized him till Dr. Gray started forward with the face of one who sees a ghost.

"Paul! Good God. Is it possible?"

"Yes, doctor," with a hasty hand-shake. "No other. I don't wonder you stare."

"But, in heaven's name how has it come about? Where have you been since we gave you up for lost?"

"It's a long story. You shall hear it some day. But"—rapidly—"forgive my impatience—where is my cousin? What is the matter?"

There was a dead silence. At last, with a groan, Dr. Gray spoke:

"Paul, my poor fellow, how can I tell you? Esther is below there."

"In the grotto. Can anything be done?"

The young man staggered. The glow faded from his face, leaving him ashy pale. For a moment he stood irresolute, then he roused himself, and his voice, though husky, was firm:

"It's a frightful place; still there is no absolute danger if she keeps her presence of mind. I stayed there over a tide myself once, just to see it. Is your boat at home?" he said to one of the fishermen.

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch it round, then, as quickly as possible." Then to Dr. Gray: "I shall row out there opposite the entrance, and make a dive for it. If I come up inside, it's all right, and I'll see that no harm happens to Esther till the water falls, and we can get her out."

"But—the risk!"

"There is a risk of striking the arch as I rise—that is all. I'm a good swimmer, doctor, as you know. I think it can be done."

"You can guess, with a sort of pale smile, how I have been counting on this meeting; and to leave her alone and frightened, and not to go to her, is just impossible. I shall manage it, never fear."

The boat came. They saw it rowed out. Paul took the bearings carefully, shifting position once, and yet again, before being satisfied. Then he looked up with a bright, confident smile and nod, and clasped his hands above his head. A splash, he was gone, and the water closed over him.

Within the cave, Esther watched the strange moving phantom which darkened the entrance. The splash reached without startling her, but in another second a flashing object darted down and inward, and rising, the waves revealed a face—a white face with red hair. In the pale, unearthly glow, it wore the aspect of death. It drew nearer. She covered her face with her hands. Was the sea giving up its dead, that here, in this fearful solitude, the vision of her drowned Paul confronted her—or was she going mad?

Another second, and the hands were withdrawn. The peril, the excitement of the past hour, the strangeness and unreality of the spot, combined to kindle within her an unnatural exultation of feeling. Had she not craved? If they met as spirits in this land of spirits, was she to be afraid of Paul or shrink from him? No, a thousand times no.

The face was near upon her. With rapid strokes it drew near—a form emerged—it was upon the rocks. With a shriek, she held out her arms. Cold hands clasped hers—a voice (did dead men speak?) cried, "Queenie, Queenie."

The old pet name? It was Paul's ghost, but none the less Paul. "I know you are dead," she said, "but I am not afraid of you," and felt unterrified. A strong arm enfolded her. But the breast upon which her cheek rested was throbbing with such living pulsations, that, half roused, she began to shudder in a blended hope and fear, and she shrank away from his touch.

"O, Paul! are we both dead or only you? Is this the other world?"

"Why, darling," gently seating her on the rock, "you are in a dream. Wake up, love. Look at me, Esther. I am not a dead man, but your living Paul. Feel my hand—it's warm, you see. God has restored us to one another; and now, if His mercy permits, we will never be parted again."

"Paul! Paul!" cried Esther, convinced at last.

They were very happy. Prosy folk, could they have looked in, would have seen only two exceedingly wet young persons seated high upon a rocky ledge, with receding waters rippling about their feet; but they, all aglow with life and happiness, scarce knew of the lapse of time before the slimy line of light appeared at the mouth of the cave.

With blessed tears streaming down her cheeks, Esther had heard his story—how, picked up—the sole survivor of that dreadful wreck—by an India-bound trader, her lover had lain delirious for many weeks in a far land, unable to tell his name or story, and, in part recovered, started at once for home, and landed in advance of the letters which told his safety. And so they met here, 'mid 'choral and tangle and almondine,' and as she heard the story of his perils, Esther clasped the hand she held as if she never again could let it go.

That provident little Helen—bless her heart—builded better than she knew in providing such a store of damp sandwiches and refreshing wine for those drenched and happy lovers. When at last the receding tide opened against the rocky gate, and the vista of the sea tinged with rosy sunset, and Esther, aided by strong arms, left her rocky prison, it was with a glow like the sunset on her cheeks, and in her eyes such a radiance of happiness that it fairly dazzled the forlorn, bedraggled group above. Mrs. Gray embraced her fondly, and fell incontinently into a fit of long-deferred hysterics. The boys executed a war dance of congratulation, and Helen and Isabel laughed and cried for joy. And as Esther turned with Paul for a last look at the scene of her deliverance, the chime and murmur of the sea seemed full of blessing—the blessing of the dear Lord who had had compassion upon her weakness, restoring her to life, and to that life its lost joy. With thankful heart she went her way. So we leave her.

Does the Earth Grow Sick?

From the Providence Journal.

Professor Tyndall startled the reading world, not long ago, by announcing that living germs in the atmosphere are taken into the lungs by respiration, and may occasion fatal disease or give rise to epidemics whose cause has hitherto been unknown. His experiments settled the fact that such germs exist in large numbers, and the inference seems inevitable that they must often originate disease in the human system.

Students of physical science, observing on a larger scale, suggest that there may be a subtle connection between the physical changes of the earth and the fearful epidemics which traverse the globe, sweeping away millions of victims. The observations have not yet been long or accurate enough to determine the precise connection, but enough is known to indicate that such a connection exists. The atmosphere surrounding the earth is in sympathy with forces operating beneath the surface. Earthquakes beget tempests, and it seems natural that abnormal telluric influences should manifest themselves in organic life.

A Mr. Parkin, of England, has prosecuted extensive inquiries in respect to atmospheric and telluric conditions, preceding and accompanying the ravages of the black death in past ages, and the cholera in our century. He finds that the black death began its fatal progress in China, in 1333, and during the next seventeen years swept across Asia and Europe, gathering in a terrible harvest. Coincident with its birth, China was rocked by earthquakes, swept by deluges, and parched by droughts. The disturbances in the elements, celestial and terrestrial, were in harmony with the plague. All were engaged in the work of destruction.

As the disease spread westward, through Asia and Europe, the abnormal phenomena outran its progress. They generally manifested themselves before its work began, and heralded its advent. Whether the disturbances of the elements occasioned the disease, or whether both alike were the result of some unknown law, science cannot, at present, determine. It is enough to know that some subtle bond of connection exists, which may at a future day be discovered.

The same facts reveal themselves in the history of the cholera. It began its ravages, like the black death, in Eastern Asia, not spreading, however, beyond the mountain ranges into the North. A singular parallelism marked the progress of the two diseases. [illegible] the frontiers of Europe, at Constantinople, in fourteen years. The cholera, starting in Eastern India, reached the borders of eastern Europe at Astrakhan, in twelve years, but did not cross the frontier for another year. They both completed the circuit of Europe, one by a southern, the other by a northern route, in four years.

The physical phenomena were equally remarkable. Earthquake, flood, and drought went before the messenger of death. In all of the countries it visited, some or all of these terrible heralds announced its coming. The earth was convulsed with sickness, no less than the human race.

These facts are suggestive. In this age of scientific knowledge and achievement, when human genius aspires to solve all problems and to vanquish all obstacles, it teaches that there is a vast realm of the unknown which may lie beyond human penetration, and there are forces operating on human destiny which man can never control. Sanitary precautions in ordinary seasons may regulate the public health, but they cannot ward off these extraordinary visitations. Within certain limits man is master of his own destiny; beyond those limits he seems powerless, the victim of circumstances he can neither understand nor control.

FLYING.

Teaching Men "the Office of a Fowl."

A very curious paper was recently read by Mr. W. Clare before the Aeronautical Society, and published in the *Eclectic Engineering Magazine* for August. The following extracts are specially interesting:

"Now we ought and must try to avoid these flights of fancy (which seem to be the only methods of flying understood by many), and deal with the solid and tangible facts at our disposal, which facts can be greatly amplified by more careful, mathematical, scientific and practical investigation and research than has hitherto been made into the method of flight adopted by birds, the bat, and insects, the power they respectively employ, and the sustaining surface they severally have in proportion to their weight, together with, if possible, their speed. We shall then, knowing more thoroughly the conditions and requisites of flight, be in a position the better to contend with those difficulties which have hitherto been our conquerors. But while pursuing what I have, perhaps, erroneously called the theory of flight, let us not forget that artificial flight is more a practical question than a theoretical one, and as such must be practically and experimentally studied by practical and experimental men.

"We have no doubt whatever that man can be made a flying animal, but there are some rather awkward, though only practical, difficulties in the manufacture of the requisite apparatus. Few will, I think, in the present day dispute that man, the lord of creation, is capable of flying; such doubt would be little short of a reproach on his Maker; he can walk up stairs, though in doing so he uses his power in a most wasteful and mechanical way, and surely he can mount upon air, which, properly manipulated, is as solid as any stairs; he must, however, first remove another great stumbling block.

"Man has at present, owing to his ignorance and clumsiness, no means of safely getting up the initial velocity necessary to render the air a solid support (I am here supposing that he has surmounted the slight difficulty I spoke of relative to making wings). To obtain this velocity he can, of course, insure his life and start from some eminence; but this is considered by many to be an eminently dangerous experiment. Perhaps it is; and I will, therefore, briefly lay before you an undeveloped idea of mine, having in view the reduction of this danger, which, though rough, is one which, perhaps, may assist, in however limited a degree, the object for which we have met.

"A word here in passing. No one has yet succeeded in flying any distance, and for this sole and simple reason, no one has yet constructed the necessary apparatus practically in accordance with the theories already advanced in the science. This is a broad statement to make, and one which will doubtless encounter a great deal of disapprobation and dissent; but I honestly believe it to be the truth, and my aim now is to endeavor to point out a safe and simple means of practically experimenting on the requisites of flight. In Germany they teach swimming by suspending the learner from a rope. In England we must teach flying in the same manner; and propose turning our aspiring experimenter to a rotary pendulum, like the governor of a steam engine.

"To make myself more intelligible, I will now proceed to explain my proposal. The rod of my rotatory pendulum is a rope, as long as can be conveniently obtained, a captive balloon even being used as the center if requisite, and the bob or governor ball is represented by the experimenter and his apparatus. I would at once fit out my man with the theoretical length of wing. Not minding the necessary weight, which should, however, be as little as possible, a man, like a bird, should be able to spread his wings, as the experimenter will fit himself, [illegible] and drag them after him. The wing is not a lever, or, if it is, is one of a very doubtful order, having a fulcrum for the whole of its length. He should, for various reasons, work them mainly with his legs, leaving his arms and hands free for guidance and balancing. The reason I propose at once trying what seems to be a proper length of wing is, that I still think that superposed planes are, in a measure liable to the same objection at low speeds as the screw, viz., that they, though plainly in a much less degree, use the same air more than once.

"These wings, which of course, girder-like and card-like, would, [illegible] be capable of supporting [illegible] be fitted with grooved wheels, which wheels by means of vanes on them, would detach themselves from the apparatus immediately on the experimenter cutting a line which hitherto had restrained them. An inclined plane, composed of two stretched ropes, and placed tangentially to an average circle described by the pendulum, would serve to give the condemned the requisite initial velocity, the wings being supported on the grooved wheels before spoken of.

"When the man came to the end of the plane the pendulum line would come into action, and, in the event of his coming to grief, would catch him; but if it proved successful he could soar round and round without the slightest fear of danger. This experiment, and of course it would be nothing but an experiment, could be carried out without the aid of the inclined plane, but I am inclined to think it would be more satisfactory with it. I can not forbear conjecturing that, if such an experiment as this did prove a failure (as it doubtless would the first time of trial), we should still have learned far more from it in a day than we could by talking here for a year. I should be glad to co-operate with the council of this society in trying some such experiment, or any modifications of it, and would cheerfully offer my services and lend myself as the pendulum bob or chief victim."

The Domestic Evil.

From the Boston Journal.

It is one of the misfortunes of civilization that our wants make us dependent upon the service rendered to us by servants. Adam and Eve, in their leafy bower in Eden, were exempt from the annoyance incidental to hired help. If, when the serpent, in dazzling attire, approached Mother Eve—*if* he had only said "Eat of this, and you shall become a patron of intelligence offices," we have faith that a thrill would have passed through her blood which would have been sufficient to cause her to hesitate. The bane of housekeeping and the great domestic evil of to-day lies in this quarter, and there appears to be no remedy. It is not a question which appears to be susceptible of solution, for the evil not only increases, but it is rapidly becoming so formidable that housekeeping is one of the impossibilities of human existence for persons of moderate means.

The time was—say, twenty-five or thirty years ago—when a race existed known as family servants. This race has become extinct. The domestics of to-day appear to think that a change once in six months adds to the variety of life, and they depart without other cause than a love of change. "And what are you going to leave for?" asked a lady of a girl who had apparently been as contented as a humming-bird on a honeysuckle. "Well, ma'am, to tell the truth, I don't know; but I think I am tired of ironing the same table linen." The damask pattern became offensive to her eye. A lady on Mount Vernon street was apparently overjoyed when it was announced that the new stand-pipe would enable her to have water in the upper story, for she had six or eight servants leave because they were obliged to fill the water pitchers in the upper rooms. A cook gave warning recently to her employer, who, to accommodate children, had dinner at 1 o'clock. She had been used to dining at 5 o'clock at her former situation.

In old times, girls living out had half-a-dozen fires to make, and water to carry from the bottom to the top of the house. Modern conveniences have lessened their labors 50 per cent, but they grumble and complain about trifles, and any remonstrance is certain to meet with an abrupt departure. The wealthy classes in the large cities have done much to demoralize servants by paying large wages and demanding very small returns. The middling classes are obliged to pay more for this class of labor, because their more wealthy neighbors have, out of their abundance, established a tariff which regulates the market price. The rich in this way inflict a positive evil upon society, and they are, we think, responsible in a large degree for this domestic evil.

The prices paid to house servants are out of proportion to wages paid for any other description of labor, for the home servant is fed and housed, and the cost of clothes is but a trifle more now than it was before the war. It costs over $4 per week to feed a girl, so that, with the wages paid, each servant costs over $400 per year, or the interest, at the rate of 7 per cent, on nearly $6,000 per annum. The domestic servants live in this country as they live in no other country, and their wasteful habits would ruin any other nation. In France no tea, coffee, or sugar are allowed to the servants, but here they have the best, and the run of the pantry included. But American girls will not accept these situations. A false pride keeps them out of good homes and plenty to eat, and forces them into stores and cheap boarding-houses. A few weeks since, a good strong American girl from the country applied to a trader on Washington street for a situation in his store. He paid three dollars a week for a girl, whose chief occupation was to dust the counters. When she applied, he was suffering from a severe attack of the domestic evil, and he said, "I will give you three dollars a week to come to this store, or I will give you three dollars and a half per week to go to my house, in an adjoining street, and take care of my children. You will be well fed, well lodged, and, if you are faithful, it won't cost you much for clothing." She accepted the store place in preference to the house, because, as she alleged, she did not wish "to live out."

We question whether the Chinese will ever afford any solution of this difficulty, but it would be a great blessing if about 2,000 girls willing to secure good homes, good pay, and not very hard work, would come very fine morning and land upon our wharves, and then solve the great problem which is so puzzling to housekeepers. If, at the same time, 200 dressmakers would also come to the rescue, we think we are authorized to state that they would be met by thousands of suffering housekeepers and afflicted husbands, who would give them a reception which would but faintly express the joy of the whole city.

RITUALISM.

The "Real Presence"—An Important Decision.

The English journals are commenting on the recent decision of the Dean of Arches, Sir Robert J. Phillimore, in the case of Sheppard v. Bennett. The defendant was prosecuted for having published doctrines alleged to be contrary to the teachings of the Church of England. His first offense consisted in publishing a belief in "the real, actual, and visible presence of the Lord upon the altars of our churches," and in proceeding to the corollary of "adoring and teaching the people to adore" the sacred elements. These expressions the Court of Arches considered to be in contravention of the plain meaning and clear intent of the formularies of the English Church. Mr. Bennett's attention was called to the above statements of belief, and in a subsequent edition of his book he substituted for the former expression the following, to-wit: "The real, actual presence of our Lord under the forms of bread and wine upon the altars of our churches," omitting the word "visible." For the second expression Mr. Bennett substituted, "who myself adore and teach the people to adore Christ present in the elements under the form of bread and wine." Sir Robert J. Phillimore, in delivering his opinion, expressed his regret that the above alterations were not accompanied by any apology for the mischief caused by the previous crude and rash language, and stated that it was not his duty to "try Mr. Bennett for careless language, for foolish writing, or for superficial knowledge." He then decided that the substituted expressions contained a sufficient retraction of the former error, and refused to pass sentence of suspension. Sir Robert Phillimore also stated that in his opinion "the objective actual and real presence, or the spiritual real presence, a presence external to the act of the communicant, appears to be the doctrine which the formularies of the Church of England, duly considered and construed, are so far to be harmonious, intended to maintain." This decision, it is alleged, is fatal, and if no appeal were allowed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, would at once be fatal to the unity of the Church of England, and would throw the onus of separation upon the Evangelical branch of the Church and would leave the Ritualists masters of the situation. Other points in the decision of Sir Robert Phillimore, it is argued, are open to suspicion in the minds of Evangelical churchmen. Thus, in describing the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, he speaks of that epoch which is somewhat vaguely called the Reformation," and also expressed his respect for the doctrine and ritual of the "Primitive Catholic Undivided Church."

Opening of "Missions" in New York City by an English Priest.

From the New York Standard.

During the last few years we have heard a great deal of the untiring work among the poor of the large towns of England by a certain section of the Anglican clergy. Even their opponents have been compelled to acknowledge their success, while asserting that it is the one redeeming feature of their system. In this missionary work among the poor, Father Mackonochie and his curates of St. Albans, Holborn, in London, have long occupied a high and conspicuous position. Working in a parish entirely composed of slums, scarcely a single street in it, nothing but courts and alleys, they have achieved a success far beyond their own anticipations, and which has startled a good many of their detractors into silence. Their system is to live entirely with, among, and for, their poor. They have a small clergy-house, in which all the priests reside together, adjoining the church, and in the very centre of the teeming population which compose the parish. Their labors commence at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, and only terminate when bed-time comes round. They consider that every hour spent away from the parish is an hour lost—the withdrawal of that personal influence which they feel must be incessant to be available. They have regular daily services, which are largely attended, besides extra services on the Church festivals and holy days. One of Mr. Mackonochie's curates, Father Bradley, paid a visit last fall to this country, and was powerfully impressed with the possibility and desirability of starting just such a mission in New York. The idea growing with him, he consulted with his friends, with the Bishop, and some of the influential clergy, as to what they thought of the feasibility of his plan. They gave him every encouragement, and promised him their support and good will. He returned to England to arrange his affairs, and to raise money for his new undertaking, and a short time ago returned to New York to inaugurate his mission. Father Bradley has the accompanying valuable testimonials from the Bishop and from the Rev. Morgan Dix:

"The Rev. Joshua Dodgson Bradley having a design to set on foot a mission among the poor in the western part of the city, I implore the blessing of Almighty God upon his efforts, and I heartily commend him to the sympathy and support of our Christian people.

"HORATIO POTTER, Bishop of New-York.

"Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1869."

"Knowing how great is the spiritual destitution of large numbers of the poor in this city, and that there is room for all the Christian laborers who, moved by compassion for the perishing, will enter into the field, and strive to bring them to the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am glad to hear of the proposed mission under Mr. Bradley, and commend his labors to the consideration of the faithful.

"MORGAN DIX.

"December 1, 1869."

He has also most flattering testimonials from the churchwardens and others of his old parish in England, accompanied by parting gifts, and, what he values more, a petition from the poor of the parish to abandon his proposed mission here and return to them.

The mission is to be called the Saint Sacrament Mission, and will be formally opened next month. A large hall has been rented at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, which has been converted into a mission chapel. Attached to it is one small room, which will constitute the Father's residence.

The Mission will be opened with an octave of [illegible] services [illegible] every night. The [illegible] will be celebrated all the year round, daily at 7 A. M. Evening prayer will be sung all the year round, daily at 8 P. M. On Sundays and all festivals of our Lord, there will, in addition, be a solemn celebration, with sermon. The Sunday School will meet morning and afternoon; the afternoon session closing the children's service. There will be frequent sermons and instructions, according to the necessities of the mission. The celebration every Thursday morning will be for the benefactors of the mission. A good organ has been purchased, at a cost of $800. The altar, which is being constructed by Mr. Steen, the architect, will cost $400, and will be paid for by special contributions. All the Catholic accessories, such as altar cross, candlesticks, vestments, etc., have been presented by various friends; some of the vestments being given to Father Bradley by the poor of St. Martin's Liverpool, to which parish he was attached for a year. A thoroughly organized system of visiting the poor and the sick will be commenced as soon as the mission is started. This is one of the principal features of the work.

In conjunction with this mission Father Bradley will take charge of the little chapel of St. David's, an offshoot of the Church of the Ascension, which has, till lately, been under the care of the Rev. John W. Trimble, who was obliged to give it up because the congregation was too poor to give him a stipend. This little congregation consists of 100 persons. There are seventy children in the Sunday School. The chapel was offered to several wealthy religious corporations of the Episcopal Church, but declined by them on the ground of expense. Mr. Trimble then offered it to Father Bradley, who, rather than see the mission fall through, resolved to add it to his other cares; holding the services at such hours at the two missions that they will not clash. The two missions are a mile apart, and it is intended to open night schools in the winter at which the poor of both attend. The chapel of St. David's was opened on Sunday last, and under the most successful auspices. The labor which Father Bradley has undertaken will be severe, but he hopes to get some other hard-working priest to share his lot.

Father Bradley, who is a graduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, spent the whole of his college vacations for four years in working among the poor in St. Albans, Holborn. After his ordination he was attached to the church as an assistant curate. He is a powerful preacher, and has always displayed wonderful tact in attaching the poor to himself, especially young people and children. All Father Bradley asks for himself is a mere subsistence, but he asks for any amount of funds for prosecuting the design of his mission.

How Lean Folks May Grow Fat.

From the Germantown Chronicle.

We published a week or two since a card for those persons who sought a reductive boarding house system, by which their superfluous adipose might be dispensed with. It seems that Dr. Dio Lewis has been thinking in the interest of an opposite class—those who are thin to unloveliness. He certainly has the larger enterprise. For one fat person there are a dozen or a score of lean ones. They are dried up, and in danger of blowing away. How their bones rattle in the wind! There are cavernous hollows in their temples and cheeks; while their eyes roll like great black china saucers. It seems that they have been drinking vinegar all their lives; or have the consumption; or have allowed life to ooze out of them in some unlawful way. We always feel for them. So does Dr. Dio Lewis. We are always afraid that in the crowd they will get jostled against us, and their sharp angles—bones which no cushion of flesh covers—would do us harm. In fact we set them down as a dangerous class in the community. Fat people are heavy, and dozy, and a burden to themselves. Our reductive boarding house contemplates them as unfortunates; and is itself a pure philanthropy. But lean people are really dangerous—and in this age of phosphates are often carried off in the night and burned for dry bones. No doubt a large percentage of murders could be traced to some sort of leanness or other.

Now Dr. Lewis comes sensibly to the rescue. He sends these skeletons to bed betimes. They have rattled in between the sheets ordinarily at 11 or half-past 11. The Doctor tells them that will never do. They must bid the busy, tea-steeped, gossipy world farewell by half-past 8 or 9 o'clock. This fagging out of the flesh results in part from late hours. Susie used to be a buxom maid. Now she has a tight skin across her pinched nose and anxious cheeks. Susie has been to more evening dress parades for young children than is consistent with health and flesh. So, though Susie is scarcely in her teens, she bids fair to be one of these old skeletons that rattle in the wind before she is 21. All the healthy, happy juices of life are going in this folly, and she will be old and dry, and fretted, and good for nothing very young. And the same is the case with Mary, and Alice, and Sarah Jane. Their fathers and mothers ought to put them to bed early for the next ten years, instead of ordering hackney coaches, in ordering Tom to take them to evening dissipations at Bigbang's, or at Madam Showoff's.

The first condition of plumpness is early to bed. Dr. Lewis says that the second is water. Here we think he may be right, but do not know. We are sure he is right about early retiring. He says when you retire drink water; drink all you can—one tumbler, two tumblers, and more if you can. Then take by day abundance of fresh air. Ride—ride till you are hungry. Eat—eat oat meal porridge, cracked wheat, Graham mush, sweet apples baked, and have no scruples about sugar and cream. Take a nap in the day time. Go and see the jolliest persons you know. Avoid the [illegible]-visaged. Shun the lugubrious [illegible] the man and woman who laugh. Laugh yourself. Laugh and grow fat. Keep your skin clean. Sleep in a room where the sun shines. Have everything bright and cheery about you. Sleep ten hours if you can. And thus, says the Doctor, "in six months you will be as plump as ever your lover could wish."

Three Women, and Their Husbands.

Three women went wading out into the surf,
Out into the surf at Newport town;
Each wore a bath suit of the very best,
Costing as much as a wedding-gown.
For men must work, and women must have,
And what men earn their wives don't save,
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three brokers sat up at three high desks,
And balanced their books as the sun went down;
Each "poring" o'er ledgers that wouldn't come straight,
Each wrapped in a study disgustingly brown.
For men must swear, and women keep cool,
And women will ever be fashion's fool,
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three names are struck from the Gold Board's books,
Three brokers' sign-boards are taken down;
Three men are busy "seeing their friends,"
Borrowing money to get out of town.
For men must break if women waste,
And it costs a deal to be "people of taste,"
So good-bye to the fools and their moaning.
—*Punchinello.*

"Dat ar Bill."

From Young Folks.

"Teacher, Crazy Poll say kin she an' Bill come ter school, please, ma'am?"

I was just closing the door of my little log school-house down in Virginia, and it was one of my scholars who spoke.

"Who is Crazy Poll?" I asked.

"She a crazy gal, lib ober yonder in de wild woods."

"But what good will it do a crazy girl to come to school? She can't learn anything."

"Deed Poll kin larn; she got good, hard sense; she ain't real crazy, only she jes' outlandish."

"Very well, tell her she can come."

"An' Bill too? But he got ter come ef Poll come, for she don't nebber go nowhere widout him."

I did not like to refuse any child who wanted to come to school; and since Poll, it seemed, would not come without Bill, I concluded to take Bill too. I went to school the next morning with considerable curiosity to see the crazy girl, who yet was not "real crazy," only "outlandish." I found the children gathered round a figure sitting astride the fence. As I came near they said, "Git down, Poll, dar's de teacher a comin'."

"'Spose she is, what I gwine git down fer? Spec she kin see me heah, good as ef I's on de groun'."

The children, horrified at such disrespect, drew back, leaving Poll alone upon the fence, where she remained, staring at me as I approached. She did not look "real crazy," but certainly she was a very queer object. She wore a blue linsey dress and a blue cotton apron, both clinging tightly around her, without a gather or a fold, so that she looked like a long parcel done up in a blue wrapper. Her hair was separated into little locks, which were wound round with red worsted and stood out in knots all over her head. A pair of shoes with strings, and vastly too large for her, completed her costume. Under her arm she carried a bundle rolled up in a piece of old blanket. I spoke to her, but she only stared, so I went into the house, the children following. Poll watched us through the window for a while, and at last came in. When she had taken a seat, I said: "Is your brother coming today?"

She opened her eyes wider than ever.

"Ain't got no brudder."

"The children said there was a little boy, named Bill, coming with you, and I thought it was your brother."

She only stared at me with her great round eyes as solemnly as ever; but the children giggled, and a little voice said, "Bill done come. Poll got him dar." And while I was looking round for some sign of a little boy, she unrolled her bundle, and there was a rush and a flapping of wings, and with a cut-cut-cut-dah-cut, a great rooster stalked into the middle of the room with an air of feeling himself monarch of all he surveyed.

So this was the Bill that Poll "nebber went nowhar widout," and that I had agreed to take into school! Was there ever anything so funny since Mary's little lamb "followed her to school one day?" Mary's teacher turned the lamb out; but I didn't turn Bill out, for one very good reason—I couldn't.

He was a very handsome fellow, and he knew it, too. It needed nobody to tell him that the gold and purple of his breast, the amber and jet of his neck, and the bright vermillion of his crest, were beautiful as anything could be, and dazzled the eyes of every meek-eyed hen that chanced to behold him. Hours he spent in dressing and pluming himself, bestowing particular attention upon one of his tail-feathers nearly half a yard longer than the rest, perfectly black at the tip, which waved in the air after him like a pirate's flag. Handsome though he was, he was altogether a reckless, disreputable-looking bird, and often made it painfully evident that he had not been brought up in a genteel, well-regulated barn-yard.

I went home with Poll one day to see her grandmother. They two lived alone in a little log hut [illegible] to keep from tumbling down. In front of the door was an old cherry tree, with a few leaves scattered over it, seeming to be of no use except as a family room for the hens, who were holding a sociable in the branches. Here I saw Bill in all his glory. In school he was rather doubtful just what course to take, and circumstances were sometimes too much for his dignity; but here he was sure of himself and of everybody else. How he strutted and crowed and plumed and admired himself! And how his family admired him! There wasn't a strong-minded hen in Bill's family. Each one walked in fear and meekness before her acknowledged lord and master. They never dreamed of asking for "rights" other than Bill chose to give them; and Bill considered that for a sober-minded, dutiful hen to bring up her chickens in the way they should go, and by way of recreation to admire him, were "rights" enough.

After the first day or two Poll settled down into regular school ways, and behaved pretty much like the other children. The only very "outlandish" thing about her was her treatment of her books, and for this she always blamed Bill. If her books were torn, "dat ar Bill done scratch 'em. Spec he t'ought he war folks, an' gwine ter larn ter read." If her pencil was broken, "dat ar Bill done chaw it." If her lesson was not learned, she "could not study for dat ar Bill foolin' roun'." "Dat ar Bill" was at the bottom of everything, and yet Poll loved him better than anything else in the world.

In the spring a friend in Vermont sent a box of maple-sugar for the children. They had never seen any before, and "dis yer Norf sugar," as she called it, was a great curiosity to them. It was made in little cakes with scalloped edges. Was there ever a child that did not enjoy biting round the edge of a maple-sugar cake, taking each scallop in turn? These children began to nibble the scallops as naturally as if they had been little Yankees, used to maple-sugar all their lives. Poll carried her cake home, and sat down at the foot of the bare-headed cherry tree to inspect and enjoy it at leisure. She bit off one of the scallops very cautiously, her eyes opened wider than ever as she tasted its rich sweetness. She was raising it for another bite, when something flapped against her face, the cake was snatched from her hand, and while she stood speechless and bewildered, Bill made off with the treasure, waving his black tail-feather in triumph. In a moment Poll was herself again, and she started after him, screaming, "Yer nasty, mizzable, good-for-nothin', stealin' nigger! Yer done tuk de hull ob my Norf sugar, what de teacher gub me, an' mebby I won't nebber see anoder crumb long's I lib. I war gwine ter gib yer half, an' yer done tuk de hull. Jes' yer gib it back now, or I'se kill yer sho's yer bohn."

But Bill, who had flown up into a fork of the cherry-tree, and deposited the maple-sugar out of her reach, only replied by a triumphant cut-cut-cut-cut-dah-cut. All the milk of human kindness in Poll's nature turned to vinegar at this heaping up of insult upon injury.

"Don' yer nebber come near dis yer place again," she said, while the streaming tears washed her face cleaner than it had been for a month; "ef yer does I'se gwine bust yer head with de broomstick."

And she kept her word. When, by and by, Bill came down from his perch and walked into the house as usual, Poll seized the broom and never stopped until she had chased him from house and yard, across the road, and into the woods. He made several attempts to return, but being always charged upon with a broom-handle, he at last resigned himself to circumstances, and settled in the woods, whence his crow was frequently heard, as if calling for company. He was not long alone. There soon gathered around him all the disreputable and discontented fowls in the neighborhood, who formed themselves into a sort of guerilla band, and lived in true guerilla fashion—making frequent raids upon the surrounding gardens and corn-fields; always under the leadership of "dat ar Bill."

A Live Lord Loose in this Country.

From the New York Post.

A question which for a long time past has excited considerable interest and conjecture in English society is, What has become of Lord Aberdeen? This young nobleman, a young man of 28, left England about two years ago, without giving any clue to his whereabouts, and has not communicated with either his friends or his family since. Information has reached them, however, that he shipped as a common sailor on board a merchantman, bound, it is believed, for this country, and it is further stated to have been ascertained that he has since passed the examination for his ship as mate. No satisfactory cause is assigned for his strange conduct, but it has been supposed that, having taken up the notion that his estate is more heavily encumbered than it really is, he has resolved to live for some years merely on the fruit of his own earnings, while a sufficient sum accumulates to liquidate the charges on the property. Meanwhile there is said to be a very large sum of money lying to his credit at his banker's, which might be profitably applied.

Lord Aberdeen is grandson of Lord Aberdeen who was Premier of England in 1854. The family is remarkable for taciturnity, and Haddo, the ancestral seat, was said in the Minister's time to be the most oppressively silent house in England.

The brother of the present peer, a promising young fellow, remarkable for his extraordinary skill with a rifle, died under melancholy and mysterious circumstances while a student at Cambridge, and his family have never been able to communicate the sad event to the elder brother.

Lord Aberdeen is not the only man of his rank, in the present generation, who has proved impatient of its condition, and determined to adopt those of a different phase of existence. Lord Ockham, who, had he lived, would now be Lord Wentworth—Byron's grandson, and heir to his father's Earldom of Lovelace—evinced a similar taste. After a great deal of strange and troublesome conduct, Lord Ockham took regular employ in the yard of Mr. Scott Russell, the eminent London shipbuilder. On one occasion, having need of money for the purchase of some instruments, he wrote to his grandmother, Lady Noel Byron, for the required sum, which was promptly supplied. The check was drawn to the order of Viscount Ockham, and he, accordingly, in his workman's dress, walked into a great London banking house and presented it. The clerk glanced at it, and then handed it back, saying, "It is drawn to order, and wants his Lordship's endorsement," upon which, to the indignation of the official, the rough mechanic seized a pen and scribbled "Ockham" on the back. The scandalized clerk immediately signalled the constable in attendance to arrest the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was led into the parlor to be confronted with a partner.

"What is all this about?" asked Mr. G——. The clerk explained the circumstance. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Ockham." Mr. G——, who knew the family and the peculiar circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said to the clerk, "Yes, it is quite right; pay the check." Lord Ockham, at the time of his death, was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were almost to the last ignorant of the real position of the suitor.

An idea prevails in England that Lord Aberdeen is in this country; and should he chance to read this notice of him, it is desired that it may lead him to relieve the anxiety of his family.

A QUEEN OF SONG.

Henrietta Sontag.

From the New York Herald.

The brightest name in the bright pages of lyric art in Germany is that of Henrietta Sontag. From the hour that she carried the public of Leipsic by storm, and the students mingled her name with that of Gertrude Mara, the star of the past century, until the deadly climate of Mexico hushed her angelic voice in death, Mlle. Sontag, or Countess Rossi, had no superior. She came to America, it is true, in the decline of her artistic days, or rather at the birth of her second life before the footlights, when she was 47 years of age, and after twenty years of retirement from the stage. But the glorious organ had lost little of that magic that aroused the envy of Malibran, and which caused a great critic to speak thus: "In the magnificent casket of vocal gems which Sontag displayed every night before her admirers, we especially remarked the limpidity of her chromatic gamuts and the brilliancy of her trills, which sparkled like rubies on a velvet ground. Each note of those long-descending spirals stood out as if it had been struck isolatedly and attached itself to the following note by a delicate and imperceptible thread, and all these marvels were accomplished with a perfect grace, never disfiguring her countenance by the slightest sign of effort. Her charming figure, her fine, limpid, soft eyes, her elegant form, and her stature, springing and supple as the stem of a young poplar, finished the picture and completed the enchantment." Scarcely had the last notes of Jenny Lind died away in Her Majesty's Theatre, London, than they were taken up and continued by an unexpected voice that had been hushed for twenty years. The extravagant habits of her husband compelled Sontag to return to the scenes of her earlier triumphs, and her welcome back was enthusiastic. The "little Napoleon" of the American stage, Ullman, persuaded her to visit this country, and she first appeared in concert at Metropolitan (formerly Tripler) Hall, in the fall of 1852. She brought with her Pozzolini, tenor; Badiali, baritone; Paul Julien, violinist; Alfred Jaell, pianist; Rocco, buffo basso, and Carl Eckert, conductor. The great cantatrice was remarkable for the taste and richness of her toilets. On arriving in this city, her agent asked her whether she had brought any concert toilets from Paris. She replied, "Seven." "Then, madame," he said, "as you are to give concerts in New York, oblige me by wearing a different dress at each concert." She laughed at the idea, but consented, and created thereby as much excitement among the ladies as she would by a new aria. Speaking English fluently, her rendition of simple little ballads was unequalled. In New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington ovations were the order of the day. In many cases these took the form of torchlight processions and grand serenades. At Washington a clever stroke of managerial diplomacy occurred, which may be called a diamond episode.

Sontag wore at a concert given there a superb set of diamonds, presented her by the Emperor of Russia, consisting of ear-rings, bracelet, necklace, brooch, and edging for the skirt of her robe. Just as she was going on the stage, while admiring a bouquet sent her by President Pierce, her agent—Mr. John Darcie—slyly loosened one of the largest diamonds on the dress, which, as he anticipated, fell off, and rolling from the stage to the parquet, was picked up by one of the distinguished persons sitting there. This was Senator Darcy, who immediately secured the gem (the manager had his eye on him all the time), and was thanked by an autograph letter from the fair *cantatrice*. The recipient of the letter lost no time in communicating its contents to every [illegible] of note in Washington; society was lost in wonder and admiration and crowded houses were the result. Her success in Boston was even greater than in New York. The clergy of the "Hub" and the towns within twenty or thirty miles were enlisted in her behalf [illegible]. Invitations were issued [illegible] for a full rehearsal [illegible] before it took place, and were strictly confined to the clergy. The result was such a gathering of black-coated and white-chokered gentlemen and their wives as had never before been seen. The Reverend and Venerable Doctor [illegible], the shining clerical light of Boston, rose and made a feeling address to Sontag, and presented her with a beautifully bound Bible, inscribed on the fly leaf with all the names of the Protestant clergy; a Catholic doing the same in behalf of his denomination. Of course Sontag wrote a pretty note of thanks in autograph to each clergyman, who showed it to his congregation, and became an advertising agent. The result was marvellous, and though Darcie got soundly rated by the Boston press for invoking the aid of the clergy, the concerts were crowded and the enthusiasm complete. At the end of a most brilliant and pecuniarily successful concert season in Italian opera, wherein she shone even more brilliantly than in the concert room, her greatest successes were in "Somnambula," "Lucia," "Linda," and "Daughter of the Regiment."

Few artists have had such a brilliant career and were so universally beloved. She entered on the lyric stage just as Pasta made her bow for the last time. She stood side by side with Malibran, and she thrilled the soul of her hearers when Grisi was on the wane and Jenny Lind was about to retire from the operatic stage. But the deadly climate of Mexico was too much for her, and the world heard with regret of her death immediately after her season in the United States. Her share of the proceeds of her labors in this country exceeded $200,000.

The Empress and the Artists.

The Empress Eugenie is quite unpopular with the artists. As is well known, she has a *penchant* for patronizing the gentle craft, but her own sweet will must always be paramount to any laws of art. She occasionally meets a master who refuses to yield to her dictation, and the result is well illustrated in the case of the great painter Yvon. The care and study with which this artist's paintings are executed is a well-known fact. The "Battle of Solferino" had been reckoned upon to increase his fame in the highest degree, and the painter had spared no pains to render it worthy of the subject represented, and of his own fame likewise. When the picture was completed, the Empress was invited to pay a visit to the artist's studio, in order to judge of the likeness of the Emperor, which was thought to be particularly successful. But, instead of the praise and delight expected, the picture was greeted with an exclamation of horror and disgust. His Majesty was *coiffé* with that horrid *kepi*—false in taste, perhaps, but true to nature—he had worn during the battle.

Her Majesty insisted on the removal of this obnoxious feature from the canvas; the painter as obstinately refused. Her Majesty graciously condescended to despatch next morning, by her own especial Chamberlain, a cocked hat with the ostrich feather lining belonging to the uniform of *General de division*, which His Majesty adopts on all occasions of ceremony; the painter returned it with a courteous but firm remonstrance against any change in the painting, urging the necessity of correctness in a work of such magnitude, and gently pointing out the reasons for the adoption of the *kepi* by His Majesty. Every officer of the staff was crowned with the *kepi*. Had any distinction of head-dress been observed, every gun would, of course, have been pointed to the cocked hat! In short, the poor painter did his best to persuade Her Majesty to some kind of reasoning upon the subject. But her sense of the beautiful had been wounded, and no compromise could be entered into. When the picture with the horrid *kepi* appeared at the exhibition, Her Majesty refused to pause before it, and the engraving taken from it was never suffered to enter the Tuileries. Nor has the painter himself ever been received upon the same terms of intimacy and friendship that he enjoyed before.

At the examination of this year the same difference of opinion between Her Majesty and the sculptor with regard to the bust of the Emperor has led to the same result. The bust in question representing His Majesty as he really is with the weight of years, cares, and sovereignty on his brow, cannot, of course, give the idea of a man in the prime of life, with all its hopes and joys before him. The Empress was persistent in her endeavors to induce the sculptor to plump out the cheeks and diminish the width of the chin, to reduce the size of the nose, and fill up the puckers by the eyes. The sculptor felt his very reputation to be at stake. He was firm even to stiffness in his refusal, in spite of the tears that were actually shed upon the occasion. The Emperor himself was decidedly on the side of the artist, and refused the concession offered by the latter of withdrawing the bust from the exhibition. But notwithstanding the great artistic merit of the bust, and the undeniable resemblance it possesses toward the original, no persuasion can induce Her Majesty to allow it to enter any of the imperial palaces, and it has already been disposed of to the Grand Duchess, to be hurried out of sight and forgotten, much to the dismay and disappointment of the sculptor.

Ladies Riding Astride.

A lady describes her horseback ride to the Yosemite Valley as follows: "Had any one told me before I started that I should be seen riding my horse astride into the Yo Semite, whatever the ties of blood between us, all friendly intercourse between that person and myself would have been temporarily suspended. When one, more venturesome than wise, suggested a man's saddle for me, I curdled him with the remark—'May I inquire if you take me for a natural fool?' I decided that the combined forces of the universe should not entice or compel me to do such violence to every womanly instinct. But I came to it. Extremity of physical torture brought me to it. I shifted my position voluntarily, and retained the new. An experienced rider may keep her seat going over the rough mountain trails, but, even so, a side-saddle is merciless to your horse. He needs his full poise and strength for every step. You need to keep your foot firm in your stirrup—your weight of necessity falls to one side—your horse's back becomes sore, his joints strained, and ten to one he falls with you, or quietly lies down. If you are not an experienced rider, let me charge you by all means take a gentleman's position on your saddle. It may be embarrassing—you will doubtless experience the sensation of convicted shop-lifters every time you meet anybody; but rather suffer the pangs of mortification than those of dislocation. I am convinced, had I retained my side position, I should have required [illegible]."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A bazaar lately took place in London in aid of the "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs."

—The Jardin, at Paris, has received an orang-outang that washes itself with soap and water.

—The Maharajah of Vizianagram was so charmed by his interview with the Duke of Edinburg that he has given $1,000,000 to found an "Alfred Medical College" at Allahabad, in commemoration of the event.

—It may be interesting to know that the melody of the "Marseillaise" is German holy music, found in an old church of the German village Holzheim, to which the French adopted only their words.

—A crab, says a London journal, has been caught in Yokohama Bay, Japan, which weighed about forty pounds, had legs over five feet in length, and its mouth contained two large teeth. When in the water, its strength was such that it could have quite overpowered a man.

—An English architect has published a plan for building an immense national mausoleum. The building is to contain space for the interment of two million bodies. The style is to be Gothic; and for size and magnificence St. Paul's and St. Peter's, at Rome, will be but as dwarfs in comparison.

—In the Ninth Battalion of the French National Guard Mobile, which is composed entirely of young men of fortune, a difficulty has arisen; the officers are unable to find servants, as the poorest of the men have at least 12,000f. a year. These millionaire citizens will be obliged to sweep out the guard room, and perform the most menial services.

—Changing one's name is illegal in France, and the authorities are petitioned for permission in due form, which is frequently refused, especially if people want, as is often the case, to change their name for one already appropriated by a distinguished family. Last year one hundred and forty asked permission and thirty got it.

—A Paris tradesman sitting down to dinner, surrounded by his children, saw before the plate of one little girl, a drop of blood, and soon discovered others that were dropping from the ceiling. Calling the house porter, they forced open the door of their neighbor's room overhead, and found a young woman, who, having failed to destroy herself by charcoal fumes, had opened the veins of her neck with a razor. She had been married but three weeks.

—The *North German Correspondent* states that the project of erecting a statue to Theodore Korner in his native city of Dresden is now likely to be soon realized, the necessary funds having been raised. Prof. Dr. Hänel was intrusted with the execution of the model, which is at present finished, and represents the poet and hero in a bold attitude, with his sword pressed to his left breast, while in his right hand he holds his patriotic songs, his most terrible weapon against the oppressors of Germany. The loose dragoon cloak is thrown back so as to show the uniform of "Lutzow's wild horsemen."

—M. de Lamartine's furniture, at his Villa Monceau, which has been brought to the hammer, produced fancy prices. Poor people paid five and ten times their value for old chairs and tables, in order to possess a souvenir of their illustrious neighbor and kind friend. A small wine-grower gave £10 for a table on which Lamartine was wont to write, the intrinsic value of which was not 10s.

—A curious suit for damages has just taken place in a London court. Miss Russell a vocalist, was present at a railroad accident on the London & Northwestern Railway, and sustained a severe shock to her nervous system. She sued the company, proved to the satisfaction of the court that "she did not seem to possess the same nerve she had previously in appearing before an audience, and at times she seemed to have a *feeling of dislike to be encored*," and the court awarded her £370 damages.

—Women are allowed, by a recent royal decree, to practise medicine in England after undergoing the usual examination, and a special course of instruction is to be opened for them in London. The committee of the Female Medical Society of London report that during the six years' existence of the society eighty-seven women have availed themselves of its teachings, most of them intending to earn a livelihood as skilful midwives, and many are settled in practice, and have attended a large number of cases without a single casualty. Two of the students have gone to Edinburg, and are studying for the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

—A gentleman of high position, in London, had a wife who [illegible] connected with many of the leading members of the nobility. The other day she ran away with another man, and the injured husband adopted a different method of avenging his wrong from that which is sometimes pursued. He merely advertised a reward of £5 for the discovery of the lady. As this did not bring her back, he announced that he would give a further sum of £1 for her restoration, and that under no circumstances would the reward be increased. Thus he caused it to be made known that he assessed the value of the partner of his joys at the precious sum of £7.

—"A Temple story," says the London *Orchestra*, "has been in circulation during the last few days, which is too good to be lost. Our readers may know that a number of young Indian gentlemen are pursuing the study of the law within that venerable enclosure. Dr. Vaughan invited them to spend an evening at his house, and provided such delicacies as he deemed likely to be most enjoyed by them. The time fixed for the interesting party arrived, but nobody came. When half an hour had been thus spent in fruitless waiting, the Doctor's lady rang for the maid, (a fresh one, not yet quite accustomed to all the ways of the house) whose duty it was to open the hall door. She entered with an air and aspect which gave token that more than the heat of the weather had been exciting her. 'Has none of the gentlemen arrived?' 'No, mum, no gentlemen has come, but a lot of impudent Christy Minstrels have been ringing at the bell, and I have been driving 'em away, mum.'"

—A woman named Harriet Adams lately died in St. Pancras Work House Infirmary from the effects of eating her own hair. Dr. Ellis, Medical Officer of the infirmary, said deceased was admitted into the insane ward on the 9th of December last, and died on July 30. She was imbecile, but nothing was known of her or her antecedents. On the 21st March last she commenced a spitting of blood, owing to something, in his belief, which she had swallowed. From this period she continued gradually to waste away and get weaker, till she died. He made a *post-mortem* examination. The body was extremely emaciated, and he found embedded in the stomach and intestines a quantity of human hair—no doubt her own—and wool, which the deceased had eaten. The effect of the secretion of this hair and wool had been to produce ulceration of the stomach, and cause death.

—They have in England what they call "eating matches." Beefsteaks and sausages, ham and eggs, geese, turkeys, &c., constitute the chief materials at all great English eating matches—beefsteaks, with beer, being generally matched against "am and heggs," as they are called, and tea. Some of the great matches there usually last from six to twelve hours; and one is on record between two heroes, named Gubbins and Muggins, which endured for three days. It excited intense interest in all parts of the country, and toward the conclusion of the match, on the evening of the third day, people flocked in from all parts to learn the issue. An old farmer, who was obliged to quit for home before the great event terminated, was stopped by all parties and asked "who had loicked?" "Why," said he, "they're a saying that Gubbins has loicked, but I think Muggins 'll loike him yet; for when I cam' awa' he was only twa goose and a turkey behind"—all of which he was to swallow, and yet get ahead of the other eating hero in the course of two hours.

—One of the Paris evening papers, *Le Soir*, publishes the following curious estimate of the cost to various persons occasioned by a ball given at the Hotel de Ville by a M. Chevreau. That gentleman sent out between 11,000 and 12,000 invitations, and 9,500 persons, viz., 3,500 ladies and 6,000 gentlemen, accepted and attended. Now it was necessary that they should be elegantly dressed, and, consequently, much expense was incurred by them in procuring the needful habiliments and adornments. The writer in the *Soir* makes the following calculation thereupon:

Toilets of 3,500 ladies, exclusive of jewelry	$165,000
Natural and artificial flowers, feathers, &c.	4,200
Gloves	2,000
Shoes	5,000
Washing, &c.	3,375
Hairdressers, perfumers, &c.	3,000
Gloves and cravats for 6,000 men	4,000
Hairdressers	5,400
Washing	5,200
Tailors, repairs, hatters, &c.	9,000
Carriages for ladies and gentlemen, 6,000 hours	4,000
Drink for the drivers	240
Total	$210,615

The writer maliciously adds that he has not taken into account the sum paid for false hair, which would be about $42,400, representing a weight of 1,324 lbs, 1 oz, 9 dr., and a length of 4,374 yards.

—A Paris letter says: "A terrible piece of news for thirsty Paris is just announced. The numerous *cafes* supplied with bock beer by the great house of Dreher & Co., of Vienna, exhibit in their windows a placard stating that in consequence of the war no beer is to be had by the usual railways, that the stock is out, and that their numerous customers must be good enough to wait for the completion of arrangements set on foot for bringing German beer to Paris by way of Switzerland and Italy. It is only in the best houses that this momentary scarcity will be felt. By far the greater part of the *soi disant* bocks consumed in Paris are manufactured in this city or the environs. There is an enormous brewery of 'Vienna' beer at Pantin, the suburb made famous by the Trauppmann murders. I believe the interests of this brewery have rather suffered by the notoriety of its existence. But for Trauppman its products would have passed off as true 'bocks' more easily than they do now. But, although the Paris brewers cannot produce beer so good as those of Munich and Vienna, or even as the 'bocks' of Strasbourg, their efforts to rival the genuine article have very much improved the average of the beer brewed in Paris. Some years ago Paris beer was a vile, distinct, opprobrious deception. Now a very palatable, refreshing, and not unwholesome preparation of malt—and possibly of hops—though I believe other bitters are more commonly used—is a very general drink. The French cannot understand beer as a concomitant to a repast. With their meals they must have wine. But in the evening, among the better classes, far more beer is now drank in Paris than in London."

—English papers announce the death in Staffordshire of Jean Baptiste Francois Mien, one of the few surviving witnesses of the execution of Louis XVI. He was born on the 14th of August, 1786, and was taken prisoner of war at St. Domingo in 1803. He arrived in the following year at Leek, where he married and settled. During his childhood he lived with his friends at Ris, a village on the road to Fontainebleau, and during the scarcity which accompanied the horrors of the revolution was sometimes sent by his mother with food to an uncle named Carriere, who lived in Paris. It was on the occasion of one of these visits that, mounted on his uncle's shoulders, he was taken to see the execution of the King. To the day of his death he had a vivid recollection of the fearful tragedy—the dense mob surrounding the scaffold, the beating of the drums as the King attempted to address the people, and the deafening *roulement* as the knife fell. Mr. Mien's mother, who appears to have been an outspoken and over-discreet person, was committed to the Conciergerie by order of the government, but she was permitted to have an interview with Robespierre, in company with her husband and young Jean Baptiste, who was in the habit of describing the revolutionary hero as a handsome man of agreeable demeanor. During the interview he did not cease to stroke the child's head, muttering to himself, "Poor little fellow! poor little fellow!" The interview had a successful issue, and Mme. Mien was released.

—Two or three years ago, the French courts were called upon to support a husband who opposed his wife's debut on the stage; within the last week the Faubourg St. Germain has been nearly scandalized by a similar proceeding on the part of one of its most distinguished members. The Countess de C——, with tears in her eyes, entered her husband's room and announced that she was about to make a dreadful, a heartrending revelation. Monsieur C—— trembled as he saw a bundle of folded clothes. The Countess addressed her husband as follows: I will confess everything. I will confess that it is my duty to leave the conjugal roof." The Count turned yellow with jealousy, a thousand horrid thoughts passed through his brain, and snatching the letters from his wife's hand, he saw a series of bills to dressmakers, milliners, &c., &c., to the sum of 25,000 francs. Serious as was this assault upon his purse, Monsieur de C—— felt immensely relieved, but still he scowled, and told his wife that it was outrageous, that he would not pay, and so on. "I know it, monsieur; I could not ask you to do so," replied the lady, "and so I have determined to liquidate my debt from my own resources. Look at this;" and she presented another paper. "It is only my engagement at the Toulouse Theatre," she added, as the husband showed symptoms of increasing anger at what he thought was perhaps another bill. "You on the stage!" he exclaimed; "the Countess de C—— an actress! My name on a play-bill!" "I will keep my name a secret; I will call myself Cecile or Anna." "You have no right to sign an engagement, Madame. I will oppose my authority as your husband; to-morrow your debts shall be paid." The Countess yielded gracefully, and thus the noble faubourg has been spared a scandal, and the Toulouse public has been cheated of a prima donna who, if report is correct, was to have rivalled Patti and Nilsson.

TIT-BITS.

A head wind—A sneeze.

—A mew-sing—A cat serenade.

—A match game—Incendiarism.

—Pressed for time—Egyptian mummies.

—The sweetest of strains—trying to lift a pretty girl on a horse.

—During peace, a regiment is quartered; during war time it is occasionally cut to pieces.

—"It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

—The New Haven Police Court, recently, tried to settle the novel question, how much a man ought to be fined for choking a colored woman until she was "black in the face," but finally gave up the conundrum, and discharged the offender on payment of costs.

—Irate Hibernian: "Waither! them pitatees isn't cooked!" Waiter: "Very sorry, sir. Cook's ben a-bilin' em these two hours." Irate Hibernian: "Two hours, is it? Faith, it's cold wather she's been bilin' 'em in thin!"

—A Kansas editor does not consider a contemporary a gentleman, because he "wipes his nose on his coat sleeve."

—The latest joke on Greeley is, that he is writing a series of articles on "What I know about running a saw-mill," in which the allusion to dams will be frequent.

—The gay girls of Detroit having organized some base ball clubs, an exchange suggests that soprano or alto ball clubs would be more appropriate, and that the players should wear ball dresses when they play; and other base balderdash to like effect.

—An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to woman would not amount to anything practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.

—No wonder rose sometimes look pleading and sorrowful; they are under the lash all the time.

—Con. by a Son of a Gun!—Why are the new breech-loaders supplied with needles? To keep their breeches in repair, of course.

—French arms don't seem, after all, to be superior to German Hans.

—A second-hand clothier of New Haven, Conn., publicly announces that he has "left off clothing of every description," and yet has not been interfered with by the police.

—The following conundrum is current abroad: What is the difference between the Opera and Egypt? The Opera has Nilsson, and Egypt has *son Nil*. The author asks forgiveness, and attributes the weakness to the heat of the weather.

—War crises—Bronzed veterans weeping at the tranquility of Imperial babes.

—Several thousand spinsters in Massachusetts, after long years of watchful observation, entirely dissent from the proverb, "Man proposes."

—A man out West, hearing that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she would go. He says she [illegible] at last accounts.

—The Boston *Traveller* publishes an item with the head: "The Dam Trouble." By reading it through we have ascertained that it is some local quarrel about the Mystic River dam, near Boston, and not to the European war.

—"You don't work enough to earn your salary," said the head of a department in the New York Custom House to one of his clerks. "Well," exclaimed the young man; "I [illegible] here; surely you don't expect me to work any longer."

—Some ogre of an editor tries to frighten tender consciences by telling young ladies that when they exclaim 'dear me!' they are swearing like troopers. Yet such is the fact: for the phrase, as we have it, is but the corruption of the Italian words '*Dio Mio*'—'My God.' Now let us know whether it is swearing to say, 'goodness gracious' and 'I mum.'

—A druggist has this cheerful invitation in his show-window: "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

—A question for Americans: Will the inundation of the Department of the Moselle by the French Government water the sparkling Moselle of 1870?

—A Wisconsin paper mentions a case where burglars broke into a store, but the goods were marked so high that they would not carry away.

—The Maine girl who, in her devotion to fashion, was killed by insects from her Jute switch eating into her brain, died in the line of *duty*.

—Rome was delivered by its geese. Strasbourg has made its fortune by de-livering geese. Will its geese save it now?

—*Punchinello* says that after a Turkish bath a man can walk clean home.

—The conduct of the man who beats his wife beats everything; but that of a man who slams the door in the face of his wife's relations bangs all.

—A gentleman who had a very deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling, "that poor creature could never hear of another situation."

—He took her fancy when he came, he took her hand, he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afternoons; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took his master's silver spoons, and after that he took his leave.

—The old proverb says, "every man is a physician or a fool at forty." Sir Harry Halford, a distinguished physician, happening to quote this old saw to a couple of friends, among whom was Canning, the latter inquired, "Sir Harry, mayn't he be both?"

—The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "forbade you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to marry about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride, "nobody can call him an actor."

—A correspondent among the lakes of Maine writes that he asked a boy which was the best of several small lakes for fishing. The boy answered: "Lake Pissaquattissquapassmocquiddynixcum"—. At this point the correspondent walked away, reached a neighboring lake, fished three hours, and returned. On his way home he met the boy where he had left him, still looking on the ground, and just finishing the name—"cooskuhungenkuuggi." The writer dates his letter at "Lake Munkalunkoobogaquroitakoolousnic."

—The congregation of a well-known church in the south of Scotland has recently had under discussion the question of the proper attitude in prayer. James M——, rather a character in the town, being asked by a lady of the congregation if he wanted to conform to the recommendation of the minister, that all should kneel, replied, very emphatically, "Never a bit will I kneel. The Bible says, 'watch and pray;' and hoo can everybody watch on their knees, wi' their e'en steekit? Na, na; I'll just stand an' glower aboot me, as I hae aye done."

—A little boy, 6 years old, and a little girl, 8, were looking at the clouds, one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "O, Minnie! I see a dog in the sky! it mus be a sky-terrier."

—A talented young African, of the boot-black persuasion, observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? You can't read." "Go way, fellah," cried the other indignantly; "guess I can read. I'se big 'nuff for dat." "Big nuff," retorted the other, scornfully, "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big nuff to cotch a mice, but she can't."

—A little 5-year-old at Ithaca had a house built for his cat, which was placed on the porch, when a little shower came up. The young man was discovered soon after, with the cat by the nape of the neck, looking up in the clouds, and giving vent to his outraged feelings. Says he, "Look here, Dod, don't you know what you're doing, raining all over my tat. You'll dit her all rusty!"

—A New York paper calls riding in the city cars buggy riding.

—Bridget, in reply to a remark of her mistress, who said that she had put too much garlic in the omelet, replied that she did it so that it would not taste so strongly of the eggs, which were bad.

—*Creditor*—"How often must I climb three pair of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?" *Debtor*—"Do you think I am going to rent a place on a first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

—A youngster, after deep meditation, broke out to his father: "Pa, I know why colored people have white soles to their feet and white palms to their hands. When the first colored man was made, he stood on all-fours while God was painting him."

—*Artist.* Well, so you've sold my picture. What did it go for?

Picture Dealer. Thirty shillings.

Artist. Thirty shillings! Why, the frame cost me more than that.

Picture Dealer. Ah! that was before the picture was in it!

—The other evening, two specimens of the genus Democrat were overheard conversing, when one asked the other what he thought about the war. "What war?" queried No. 2. "Why, didn't you know there was a big war in Europe?" said No. 1. And thus replied the imposed Democrat: "Well, it don't surprise me; I always told 'em, ef the d——d nigger got a vote, we'd hev another war!"

FOREIGN.

The Excitement in Paris Unabated.

Belligerent Views of the Constitutionnel.

Prussia Profoundly Surprised at the Attitude of France.

Prince Leopold Accepts the Situation.

Lively Warlike Preparations by Napoleon.

Interview Between the Spanish and French Ministers.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, July 12.—Military men here appear excited about the Spanish imbroglio. It is not thought possible war will result from it.

The *Prussian Cross Gazette*, a ministerial organ, disapproves of Grammont's declaration in the French Chamber. It says he must know, as every one does, that the King of Prussia and the heads of the Confederation are all indifferent to the elevation of Leopold to the Spanish throne. He had no right, in the absence of evidence, to charge another power with the disposition to disturb violently European equilibrium, since Hohenzollern is a free agent, and may or may not accept the crown. His decision will not affect Prussia's neutrality.

SPAIN.

MADRID, July 12.—Regent Serrano has deferred his intended departure from Madrid.

It is reported that the Unionists in the Cortes will vote against Hohenzollern, unless the question becomes an international one.

The *Imparcial* publishes an account of an interview between Minister Sagasta and Baron Mercier, French Ambassador. Sagasta complained that France opposes all nominations for the throne, save that of the Prince of Asturias. He denied that Spain was under the influence of Prussia, and regretted the susceptibility of the French Government.

The report in the Paris *Gaulois*, that Espartero pronounced against Hohenzollern, and called on his partisans to support the Prince of Asturias, is utterly false. The contradiction is given on the best authority.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 12—5 p. m.—The excitement on the Bourse is unabated. Rentes continue to decline, and are quoted at 69.25. According to the latest news, negotiations continue; but it is impossible to say what the result will be. Rumor, to-day, says Hohenzollern settled the whole question by withdrawing his acceptance of Prim's offer, but the *Constitutionnel*, in an extra, contradicts the rumor, and adds the following comments: "The Prussian journals say their government has been a stranger to the candidacy of the Prince. If this was so, the Prussian Government should now prove its sincerity by forcing the Prince to renounce the offer. The France is under the authority at the King of Prussia, and the latter has the peace of Europe in his hands. The answer of Prussia is expected to-night or to-morrow. If it is unsatisfactory, the necessary measures to enforce, with arms, the rights of France will immediately be taken. Already the government is preparing for the emergency. A telegram from Ems says: 'Count Benedetti, French Ambassador, before this interview with King William, saw Baron Werther, Prussian Ambassador at Paris, who had come to Ems to consult with the King. The Baron told the French Minister that the Government of Prussia was profoundly surprised at the attitude of France. It could not comprehend this haste to show hostility, except as a verification of the belief that France had for a long time desired war on the Rhine."

The Vienna despatches say the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs received with coldness a communication from Spain relative to the candidature of Leopold, and, in his reply to the Spanish Minister, dwelt upon the ill effect such a surprise could not but produce.

The Belgian journals pronounce a calumny the statement that the King of the Belgians had any part in procuring the offer of Prim, or desiring its acceptance.

The *Gaulois* has a report that Prince Napoleon has gone to Copenhagen to make propositions for a treaty of alliance with Denmark and Sweden. While negotiations are going on with great activity, the French Government makes no attempt to conceal its warlike preparations. The Emperor remains at St. Cloud, and, it is announced, will not go to [illegible]. Couriers arrive [illegible] and far into the night [illegible] despatches himself, and directs or dictates answers. The departure of the Prince Imperial for Chalons is deferred. The journals say Marshal MacMahon is ordered to be ready to move at the first signal, and orders have been sent to the commandant at Cherbourg to prepare a fleet of transports for 40,000 troops. A large number of army and naval officers who were in Paris, on leave, have [illegible].

The report that Marquis Lavalette, Ambassador to Great Britain, has resigned is contradicted.

The editor of the Literary Journal *Gaulois* has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for violation of the Press law and offending against the government.

PARIS, July 12—Evening.—The excitement on the Bourse is intense; rentes fallen to 69.60. It is reported that the government will wait the reply from Prussia until Monday evening.

BELGIUM.

ANTWERP, July 12.—A party of officers visited the American squadron of Flushing, and warned the Admiral not to take the Franklin to the Scheldt, for fear she would get aground. There is sufficient water for other vessels.

ITALY.

ROME, via PARIS, July 12.—Several members of the Œcumenical Council, desiring to leave Rome before the promulgation of the dogma of Papal infallibility, the Pope has ordered that there be no suspension of sittings. The *Osservatore Cattolico*, the official journal, denies that measures have been made against the deputies of Hungary for their persistent opposition to the new dogma.

FLORENCE, July 12.—The press of Italy, official and national, backs France.

PORTUGAL.

LISBON, July 12.—Senor Alboreira will probably be appointed Minister to Washington.

WEST INDIES.

HAVANA, July 12.—The principal slave-owners of the western section of Cuba will meet at the Governor General's palace on Monday, and discuss the most feasible plan for the early and gradual abolition of slavery through the island, granting even more than the law recently passed by the Cortes demands.

HAVANA, July 12.—On Friday and Saturday evenings citizens living near the Captain General's palace were alarmed by loud explosions. The wildest rumors prevailed, but finally it was discovered that the foul air in the sewers opposite the palace had ignited and exploded.

NEW YORK.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

EFFECT OF EUROPEAN NEWS ON THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 12.—There has been a good deal of suppressed excitement to-day in financial and commercial circles respecting the intelligence from France. [illegible]

THE DROUGHT IN FRANCE.

[illegible]

THE YACHT RACE.

NEW YORK, July 12.—Extensive preparations [illegible] the great yacht race next fall. [illegible] yachts Cambria, Osprey, America, and Dauntless [illegible]

EGYPT AND TURKEY.

The Egyptian Government [illegible]

BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

The United States Army Board, on conference with [illegible]

PROPERTY SEIZED IN CUBA.

[illegible]

NAVAL.

[illegible]

THE COTTON TRADE.

[illegible]